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HISTORICAL EVENTS

69TH REGIMENT.

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W.H. Merrill 1927

*His Excellency Lord Napier, Magdalen
with Lieut. Colonel Smyth
Compliments*

A NARRATIVE

*Gibraltar
17th April 1877*

OF THE

Historical Events

CONNECTED WITH

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

BY *William Francis* BUTLER,
69TH REGT.

LONDON:

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1870.

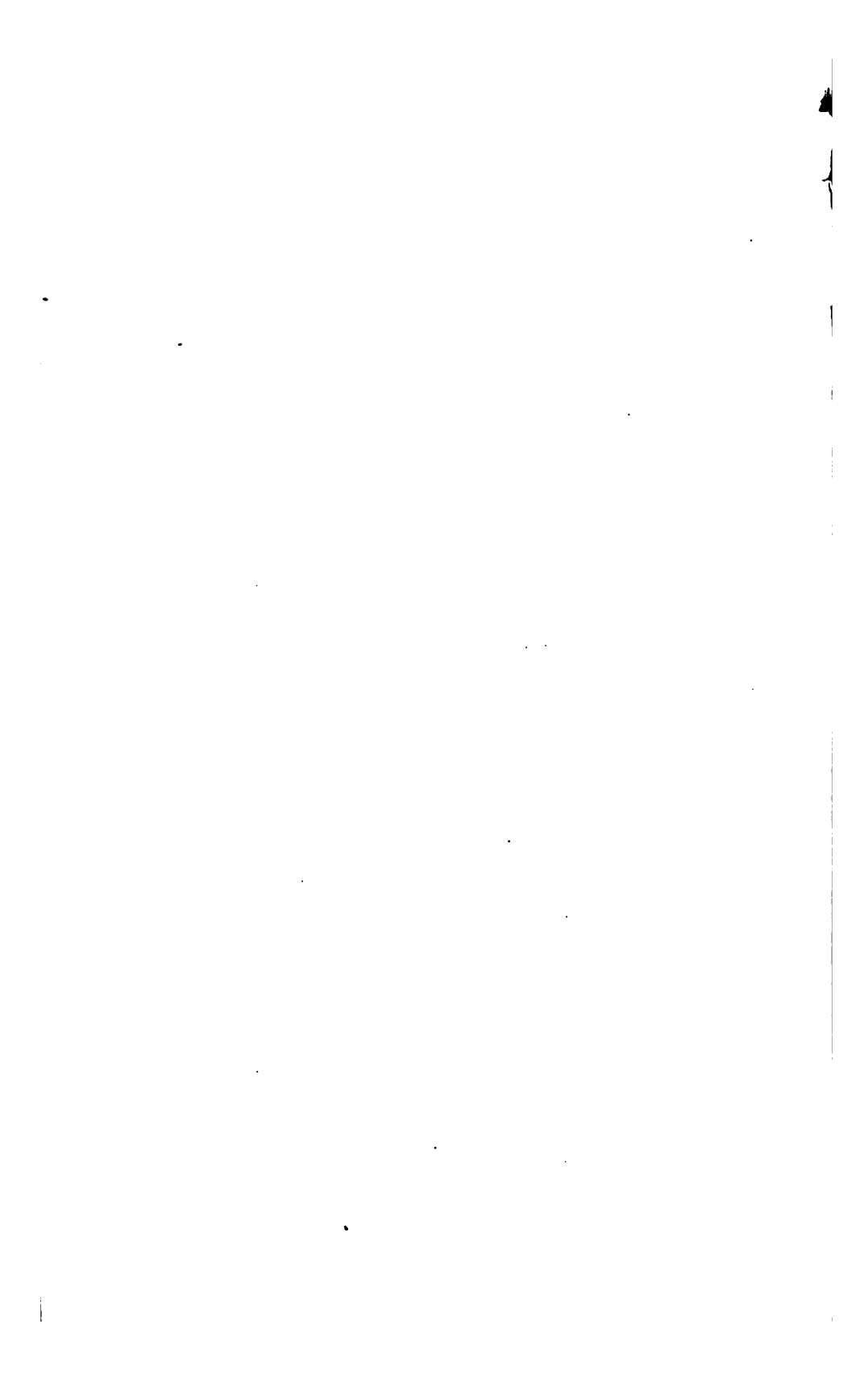
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DEDICATION.

TO THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
AND
PRIVATE SOLDIERS OF THE 69TH, PAST, PRESENT, AND TO
COME,
I DEDICATE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH
OF THEIR
REGIMENT'S HISTORY.

W. F. BUTLER, Lieutenant,
69th Regiment.



Stephen Gaulldingman, call.
Edwards
4-6-39

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PREFACE.

5-9-39 HCN

In the ensuing pages I have endeavoured to trace the history of the 69th Regiment, from its formation in 1756 to the date of its last field service in the Maharatta campaign of 1819. While serving at Aldershot in 1866, I had frequent opportunities of visiting the very excellent Military Library which the late Prince Consort bequeathed to the officers of the army; and the facilities there enjoyed, first led me to adopt the idea of putting into a readable form, a narrative of the historical events in which my regiment had taken a part. Since that time, in the short space of a few months, the Channel Islands, Ireland, and Canada, have formed the stations of the regiment, and constant change of scene has interfered with the prosecution of my work. Here, however, in Western Canada, where I least expected to obtain information, I have had the good fortune to meet one who served in the 69th during the early part of the century, and to receive from him some valuable details regarding events which he had witnessed more than fifty years from the

present time. I allude to Colonel Cotter, formerly a captain in the regiment, present with the 69th in its expedition to Travancore, and with the second battalion during the campaign of Waterloo. No authentic record exists of the earliest services of the 69th; a stray sentence in an official document, a page of an Army List one hundred years from the present time, a stray notice in some magazine—such have been the links which I have found to carry back the record of the regiment's service from the French Revolution to the Seven Years' War. The authorities which I have consulted on subjects of later date have been numerous; from the pages of "James' Naval History," "Alison's History of Europe," "Brenton's Naval History," "Siborne's History of the Campaign of 1815," "Mill's History of British India," "Life and Letters of Sir Ralph Abercrombie," "Life and Correspondence of Lord Nelson," "Cust's Annals of the Wars," "Blacker's History of the Maharatta War," "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," I have chiefly derived my materials. Still I cannot help regretting that I had not possessed greater means of access to works of reference which alone are found in large public libraries; such reference has been denied me by the many interruptions which frequent changes of station have necessitated. As some exception may be taken to the manner in which the events con-

nected with the regiment have been treated, I would remark that I sought rather to raise the regiment to the magnitude of the exploit, than to depress the exploit to the limits of a regiment. I have only to add that I am conscious of many errors and much imperfection in the execution of my work ; but I have often had to write at a distance from all means of verifying dates, places, and events ; and whatever may be the shortcomings of the narrative, I have at least endeavoured to write it with fairness and impartiality.

Falls of Niagara, Jan. 28, 1868.



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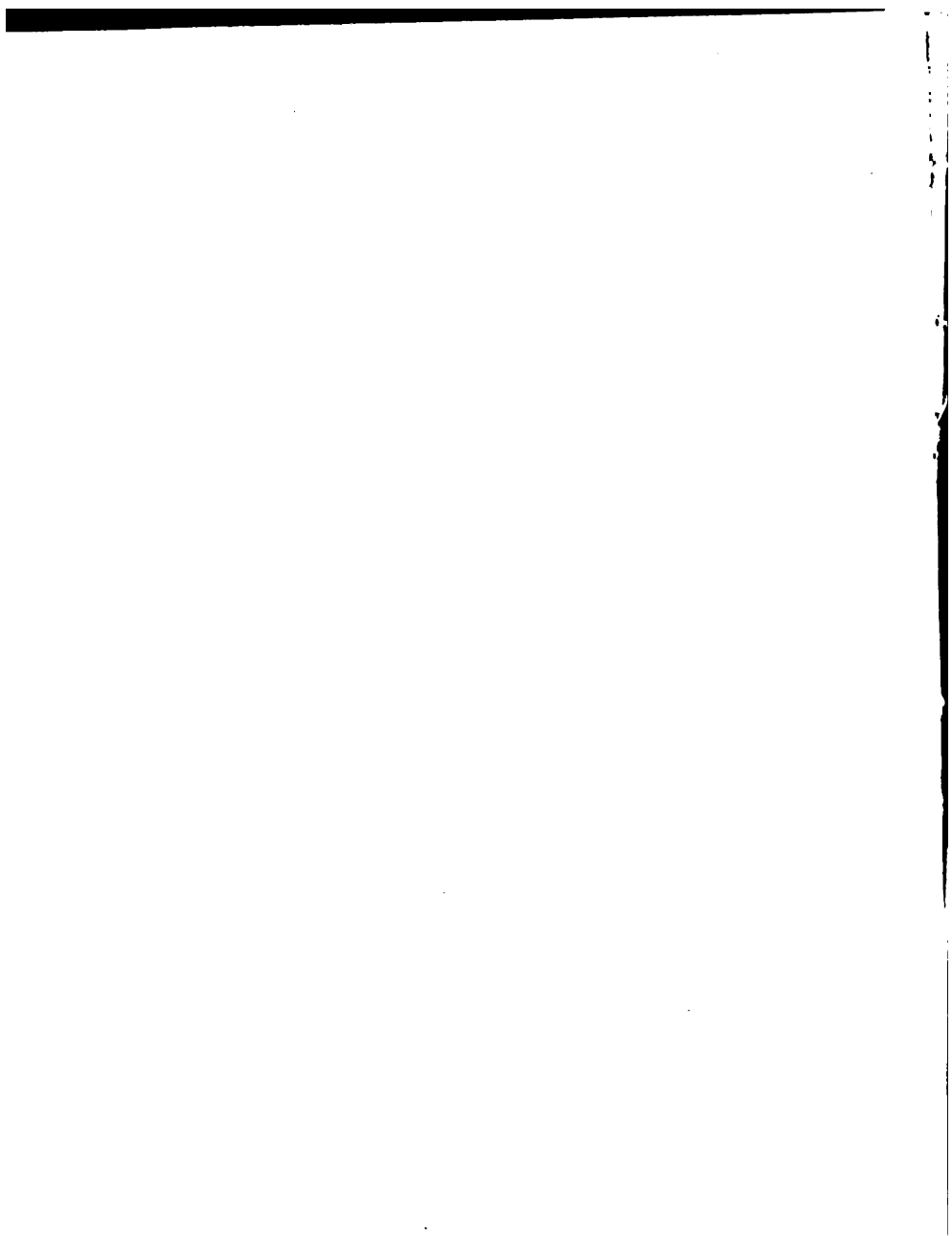
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A NARRATIVE OF THE HISTORICAL EVENTS
CONNECTED WITH
THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION—AMERICA—GIBRALTAR—WEST INDIES—
RODNEY'S VICTORY OVER DE GRASSE.

The peace which the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had given to Europe in 1748 was destined to be of short duration; only a few years elapsed before nations were once more engaged in conflict, and in 1756 commenced the memorable epoch known in history as the Seven Years' War.

The army which George II. had led to victory at Dettingen, and his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, had conducted to defeat at Fontenoy, had long since been dissolved. Fifty regiments of infantry constituted the English line in 1755, and these had not only to garrison the Mother Country, and to struggle in the Carnatic and Bengal against the encroachments of the French, but had also to hold the vast extent of colony which stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. In January 1756, a treaty of alliance was signed at Westminster between Great Britain and Prussia, and the English forces

were immediately placed upon a war footing. Twenty-four additional regiments were added to the standing army, and one of these, levied in Lincolnshire, by the Honorable Charles Colville, took its place in the army list of 1760 as the 69th, or "Colville's Foot."*

Although called into existence by the Seven Years' War, Colville's Foot was destined to take no part in that conflict: Plassy, Minden, and Quebec, are proud names in the long roll of the nation's victories; but while Clive in Bengal, and Wolf on the rocks of Abraham, taught to Asia and to America those lessons of British prowess which Europe had learned from Churchill half a century earlier, England still kept jealous watch over her shores, and a threatened French invasion detained many of the new levies inactive during the war. In 1763 the peace of Hubertsburg having put an end to the Seven Years' War, the army was partially disbanded, and the official lists of the succeeding year reduced the number of line regiments from one hundred and twenty-two to seventy-five.

In 1769, the 69th, then stationed in Ireland, was ordered to America. The right of the mother country to levy taxes upon her colonies was at that period the subject of violent agitation, and the garrisons of Boston and New York were strongly re-inforced—but whatever reasons there may have been for sending Colville's Foot to America, none seem to have existed for its being detained there—for the army list of the succeeding year shows it as forming portion of the garrison of Gibraltar where it

* From 1756 to 1760 the new levies had been classed as second battalions, the 69th forming a reserve battalion to the 24th.

remained during five years. In 1775, the regiment, no longer Colville's, but Sherrard's Foot, returned to England, thus missing by three years that siege of Gibraltar so memorable in England's History. Meanwhile the American rebellion had broken out; thirteen confederated States arrayed themselves against the mother country, and war raged from Quebec to Savannah. From first to last this war was characterised by a new phase in history. British soldiers won battles—British generals lost campaigns—some of the statesmen of the last war still survived to direct the councils of England—but the chiefs who had stormed Quebec, and held the mango tope at Plassy, no longer lived to lead her sons to victory.

In 1778, the French made common cause with the revolted colonies, and the West Indian Islands, so frequently the scene of conflict between the nations of Europe, again became the theatre of war.

It is here, at the reduction of the French Island of St. Lucia, that we first find mention of the 69th Regiment. On the 12th Dec., 1778, an expedition cast anchor in the Grand Cul-de-sac off the island of St. Lucia, and a landing having been effected, Morne Fortunée was carried by storm on the following day. On the 15th a French fleet, under Admiral D'Estaing, hove in sight, nine thousand men were put on shore, and preparations made to retake Morne Fortunée and the peninsula of La Vigie, which was also held by the British. The enemy advanced in three columns along the low neck of land which joins La Vigie to the island. The British possessed but a scant supply of ammunition, and reserved their fire until their opponents had advanced close to the position. Every shot took effect,

a bayonet charge completed the victory, and the French columns were driven in great confusion down the heights. Two other assaults were made with similar results, and when the enemy finally desisted from his attempts to carry La Vigie, some fourteen hundred killed and wounded remained in front of the British lines.

Never, since Duke William led his Normans against the hill of Hastings, was England threatened by so many dangers as in the year 1778—every hand was raised against her—France hastened to take revenge for the disasters of the Seven Years' War—Spain beheld in the embarrassment of England a prospect of recovering Gibraltar—Holland sought again to obtain her old naval ascendancy, and the other nations of Europe entered with alacrity into the Armed Neutrality—a scheme which promised to subvert the right of search claimed by England in virtue of her hitherto unquestioned superiority on all the waters of the world.

The junction of the fleets of France and Spain gave to those powers a preponderance of force, which for a time enabled them to hold command of the ocean. Plymouth beheld in August, 1779, a combined hostile fleet in possession of the Channel, and to supply the straitened garrison of Gibraltar with provisions was an exploit of extraordinary difficulty.

But it was amongst the islands of the West Indies that the fiercest warfare raged between the contending fleets. D'Estaing, Solano, and De Grasse hovered along the coasts of North America, aiding the rebellious states, or making frequent descents upon the sugar islands of the West. It was in vain that Admiral Rodney attempted

to defend such a vast extent of sea board—his force was too small, the islands were too numerous,—the enemy too powerful, and one by one all our West Indian possessions except Jamaica, fell into the enemy's hand.

Even Jamaica was soon threatened. On the 5th of April, 1782, Rodney reinforced by the fleet under Sir Samuel Hood, which had in vain attempted the relief of St. Christopher's, put out from the harbour of St. Lucia with the intention of intercepting the French fleet then on its way to join the Spaniards off Jamaica, preparatory to a combined descent upon that island. The whole of the 69th Regiment was on board Hood's portion of the British fleet, and had just been engaged at St. Christopher's in a series of encounters with the French troops—it had distinguished itself much in these attacks, and was now about to share in the greatest victory of the war.

On the 9th of April the hostile fleets came in sight, and De Grasse, tempted by the exposed position of the British van, bore down to the attack—a short engagement ensued between the leading ships under Hood, and the whole French fleet. At mid-day the British centre and rear came up, and De Grasse hauled off without anything decisive having occurred—on the 10th and 11th both fleets kept in sight; but the French having the advantage of the wind, could either force or decline an action as they pleased, and Rodney began to despair of engaging them—about sunset on the latter day, two of the enemy's vessels which had been crippled in the action of the 9th, fell to leeward of their fleet, and would have fallen into the hands of the pursuing British if De Grasse had not come up to save them.

During the night which followed, the British fleet beat steadily to windward, and morning showed the enemy at hand, and ready to engage. From sunrise to sunset a fierce action raged between the rival fleets, but long before the latter time, Rodney had broken the French line and gained a splendid victory. De Grasse was taken prisoner—five ships of the line captured, and the night closed upon the far scattered fleet of the enemy, as, broken and disordered, it sought safety in flight. This great battle threw a lustre over the last months of a disastrous war—whatever might have been the misfortunes of the British arms upon land, her flag upon the ocean still maintained its old supremacy, and she was again mistress of the waves. One month after the battle its news reached London—all England rang with the joyful tidings. Rodney was made a peer—the thanks of both houses were voted to the fleet, an honour in which the 69th was included, and it was decreed that henceforth a wreath of embroidered laurel should encircle the number 69 upon the colours of the Regiment.

Three years after this event the 69th landed in Ireland, and remained in that country during the eight succeeding years.

But during those eight years, a period was fast approaching when a war of a magnitude hitherto unknown, was to burst like a thunder clap over Europe—a war which was to dwarf every other conflict, and to change for ever the opinions and the destinies of the world. It is needless here to trace the history of the events which led to the great French Revolution, neither do they lie within the legitimate scope of a narrative which has to do more

with facts than with opinions. Whatever may be the justice or injustice of the original dispute, the soldier has only one duty before him—blindly to obey. It is not for him to hold the balance between right and wrong, but it is for him to show those qualities of courage, endurance, and patience which from the virtues of the army broaden out into the characteristics of the nation.

CHAPTER II.

FRENCH REVOLUTION, SIEGE OF TOULON—CORSIKA—
MEDITERRANEAN—BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT—
WEST INDIES—HOLLAND.

On the 1st February, 1793, hostilities were declared against France by Great Britain, Russia, Sardinia, Spain, Naples, Prussia, and the German Empire, and the wave of war, sweeping over Europe, reached even to the distant Irish station, in which the 69th had sojourned since its return from Lord Rodney's Fleet in 1785. Four hundred thousand men and all the fleets of the maritime powers were put in motion against the Revolution, and England contributing her quota to this almost universal crusade, despatched the Duke of York with an army to Holland, and Lord Hood with a fleet to the Mediterranean. Ordered suddenly to Spithead for embarkation to the Island of Dominica, the 69th, arriving at the first-named place, found a welcome change of destination awaiting it. The ships hastily put in commission were short of hands, so on board this Mediterranean Fleet to act once more as Marines, went one thousand of the 69th.

The object of this expedition to the Mediterranean was to afford assistance to the Royalist party, still powerful in the South of France; and the advanced ships of the fleet soon appeared off the port of Toulon, then one of the principal strongholds of the Royal cause. Communications were opened between the city and the fleet; the Royalists, dreading the vengeance of the Revolution, sought safety under British protection; the forts, arsenal, and vessels of war were handed over to Lord Hood, and on the 27th August, the 69th and 11th Regiments landed and took possession of Fort Lamalgue. But the revolutionary armies were rapidly approaching; the fall of Marseilles was quickly followed by a movement upon Toulon, and before the middle of September, the city was invested upon the land side by the united forces of Generals Lapoype and Carteau.

In the meantime, reinforcements from Naples, Genoa, Malta, Sardinia, and Spain were added to the garrison; batteries were erected upon the heights commanding the city and harbour; a Spanish fleet of seventeen sail of the line arrived under Don Juan De Langara, and six additional regiments of infantry were ordered from England to the Mediterranean. During five weeks the siege made but little progress: dissension was rife amongst the French army, and its leaders were men little practised in the art of war; but on the night of the 30th September, a party of the besiegers taking advantage of a dense fog, surprised a detachment of Spaniards, and established themselves upon the heights of Pharon, overlooking the position of the allies, and menacing the shipping in the harbour.

Early on the morning of the 1st October, an attack upon

Pharon was made by the garrison, in which the 69th particularly distinguished itself; the heights were rough and steep, and as the column mounted to the assault, the movements of its leading ranks detached rocks and loose stones upon the heads of the soldiers beneath; nevertheless the summit was gained, a sharp volley poured upon the enemy, and the position carried with a trifling loss.

But the siege operations were soon directed by one whose genius no bravery could resist: on the heights overlooking the forts, city, and fleet, there was a young Corsican Captain of Artillery, only twenty-four years of age, who now, stepping suddenly for the first time from the shade of obscurity, commenced his marvellous career of conquest, empire, and defeat. He had early detected the vulnerable point in the position of his enemy, and seizing upon it with that lightning-like decision which, in after life, was his principal characteristic, he urged the works with wonderful rapidity.

On the summit of the heights of Arènes, twenty heavy guns were suddenly unmasked, and their shot and shell falling into the city, completely commanded the important fort of Malbosquet, and reached even to the shipping in the inner harbour.

On the 30th November, at daylight, a strong column, composed of British, Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Sardinians, led by the governor of Toulon, General O'Hara in person, ascended the steep hill of Arènes to the assault of this formidable battery; the guns were reached and carried, but the column, flushed with success, pushed wildly on, and coming suddenly upon the French reinforcements, commanded by Buonaparte in person was

thrown into confusion and hopelessly defeated. More than two-thirds of the English soldiers were left upon the ridge, killed, wounded, or prisoners, and General O'Hara and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of the 69th, fell into the enemy's hands. The position of the besieged now became daily more precarious. Each morning revealed some new earthwork darkening the grey steepes of the rugged hills which encircled Toulon. Directed by the genius of the young Corsican, the besiegers pushed their works with the utmost celerity. In vain the vessels of war strove to subdue the fire from the heights; they were forced to withdraw from the inner to the outer harbour, and the land forces, already overmatched, were left alone to resist the enemy.

At length, on the 17th December, during a fearfully dark and tempestuous night, the French made a final assault upon the works. Dugommier, La Harpe, and Victor led three assaulting columns to the attack, the centre and left were broken through, Fort Mulgrave carried, and its guns turned against the city, which they had been mounted to protect. The evacuation of the place now became necessary. On the night of the 18th, amidst the lurid glare of thirteen burning vessels of war, the whole of the dockyard establishment and a considerable portion of the city having been fired, the troops were withdrawn from the different forts and positions which they held. From the heights around, and from the forts which they had captured, the French rained shot and shell upon the retiring boats made visible by the conflagration, and this magnificent spectacle was rendered more awfully grand by the explosion of the frigates *Iris* and *Montreal*, with several thousand

barrels of gunpowder on board. By daylight on the 19th, the last soldier had embarked, and the fleet stood slowly from the outer roadstead, leaving Toulon to its fate; what that fate was, the words of Barrère in the Convention can best testify. "Let the shell and the mine," said he, "crush every roof and merchant in Toulon, and let there remain only in their place a military post, peopled by the defenders of the republic." This siege of Toulon is a memorable fact. It was the commencement not only of the long war between France and England, but it was also the morning of that life whose mid-day was Austerlitz, whose sunset was Waterloo. Upon these heights of Pharon, the 69th fought against a captain of Artillery. Twenty-three years afterwards a different regiment bearing the same name, fought the same man bearing a different name; Buonaparte, Captain of Artillery, had become Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and the career which had opened on the heights of Toulon was about to close on the ridge of Mont St. Jean.

The regiments which had been ordered from England arrived after Toulon had been evacuated, but the vast shores of the Mediterranean, along which the French revolution was rapidly extending itself, presented an ample theatre for their employment. The Island of Corsica which, a few years before, had thrown off the yoke of the Genoese, was now anxious to sever its connection with France. Paoli, its leader, at the head of a large body of his countrymen, had already proclaimed his independence, and the presence of the English fleet in the neighbourhood of the Island was an opportunity not to be neglected as a means of completing the separation.

The chief cities and fortresses were still occupied by the French, and towards the north, Bastia, Calvi, and St. Fiorenza, held well appointed garrisons. It was determined, in conjunction with the Corsicans, to attempt the reduction of the last-named place. On the east side of the Gulf of St. Fiorenza stood a circular tower of masonry overlooking Mortella Bay. Only six months before, this tower had, for a time, successfully resisted an attack from two British frigates, and now its reduction became necessary before the harbour of St. Fiorenza could be reached. On the 7th February, 1794, fourteen hundred men were landed from the fleet. Batteries were erected on the heights over the bay, and a combined cannonade was opened on the tower, from the cliffs above, and from the sea beneath.

Its powers of resistance upon the land-side was small ; not so however upon the sea. From one of its two eighteen-pounder guns it rained red hot shot upon the frigates, *Fortitude* and *Juno*, set the first named quickly on fire, and killed or wounded sixty of her crew.* The fire from the land battery however was far more successful. On the 15th, *Ensign le Tellier*, surrendered his small garrison prisoners of war, and the fleet moved up the gulf towards the city of St. Fiorenza. Two strong redoubts defended the entrance into the harbour, and these were again attacked by the land force under Colonel Moore, the same who afterwards met his death on the battle field of Corunna. After a bombardment of two days, the Convention Redoubt was stormed on the night

* The protracted defence of this tower caused the erection of similar forts around the British coast ; these were called Martello towers after the bay of that name near St. Fiorenza.

of the 18th February, and carried with the loss of eighteen killed and thirty-five wounded. The French, in consequence, evacuated Fiorenza, retreating across the mountains to the strong city of Bastia.

Throughout these operations, the land forces were under the command of Major-General Dundas, and the fleet under Admiral Lord Hood. The latter now proposed an immediate advance of the troops across the mountains to Bastia, while the fleet moving round by Cape Corse, would appear off the city and blockade the harbour. To this proposition Dundas dissented, alleging the difficult nature of the ground and the numerical weakness of his command.

Dissensions between the rival commanders at once ensued. Hood wrote to Dundas, saying, that since the evacuation of Toulon the army command had become solely vested in him, and that only through courtesy had he consulted the Major-General. Dundas at once produced his commission from the king, and the admiral, finding threats and entreaties alike unavailing, determined to attempt the reduction of Bastia alone.

Towards the end of March, he issued orders to his ships to be in readiness, and taking from General Dundas the 69th and another corps which originally had been ordered to serve on board the fleet as Marines, he sailed for Bastia. Early in the month of April, the British appeared before the harbour, and a force amounting to twelve hundred and forty-eight men having been landed, the fortress was summoned to surrender. To this summons La Combe St. Michael, the French Governor, replied "I have hot shot for your ships, and bayonets for your troops; when two-

thirds of our men are killed, I will then trust to your generosity." Trenches were immediately opened, and for some weeks the soldiers of the small besieging force, fought and worked with an earnestness to which Nelson thus bore testimony: "They are few," he writes, "but of the right sort." Again, "Their zeal is almost unexampled; there is not a man but considers himself personally interested in the event, and deserted by the General, it has, I am persuaded, made them equal to double their number." This besieging force was under the joint command of Nelson, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Villettes, of the 69th. On one occasion, while the former was reconnoitering the enemy's works from an advanced post held by the 69th, a round shot entered the battery and severely wounded Captain Clarke, who was standing by Nelson's side. Bastia having surrendered after thirty-seven days' siege, Calvi was now the only place in the north which still held out for the French. Thither Nelson sailed, taking with him the flank companies of the 69th, and the remainder of the army having joined from St. Fiorenza, Calvi was besieged by sea and land. Colonel Moore, at the head of a battalion composed of the flank companies of four regiments, carried after much fighting the strong position of Mossello, and fifty-seven days of siege resulted in the surrender of the town upon terms highly honourable to the garrison which had bravely defended it. The besieging force at Calvi suffered fearfully from sickness; writing from the trenches in August, 1794, Nelson says: "No person can endure the 'Lion sun.' We have upwards of one thousand sick out of two thousand, and the others are not much better than so many phantoms. I am here the reed

among the oaks." It was at this siege of Calvi that Nelson lost an eye; he was standing in the battery opposite Mosello, when a shot from that fort struck a rock immediately underneath, and a splinter from the shattered stone entered his eye; his name, through some inadvertency, did not appear amongst the wounded, and when he heard of the omission, he is reported to have said, "Well, never mind, one day I shall have a gazette of my own." Towards the close of 1794, three detachments of the 69th were embarked at Bastia, on board the ships of the line, *Britannia*, *Agamemnon*, and *Courageux*. In the following spring they were engaged in the naval action fought between Admirals Hotham and Martin, on the 14th March, 1795, off the coast of Genoa.* This action was by no means decisive, considering the relative strength of the rival fleets, but it resulted in the capture of the *Ca Ira* and the *Censeur*, of seventy-two and eighty guns; the first-named vessel lost her main-mast by collision in the action, and early thus became an easy prey.

Nearly three years had now elapsed since the war had broken out, and in spite of immense opposition the Revolution was almost everywhere triumphant. The armies of Europe were driven back across the Rhine; Holland had been overrun and conquered, and one by one the nations withdrew from the Coalition, until Austria, Great Britain, and Russia were left alone against the Republic. In

* We must be contented, said Lord Hotham, in capturing two ships, but Nelson thought otherwise. "Had we taken ten sail," wrote he, "and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done, sure I am, that had I commanded on the 14th, either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph or I should have been in a confounded scrape."

Corsica, the successes of the French in Italy and the policy pursued by the English governor, Sir Gilbert Elliot, produced a marked alteration of opinion. The people had expected independence, and they found, what those who invoke foreign assistance so often find, only a change of masters. Their leader, Paoli, was expatriated, and at length the popular discontent became so manifest that the British troops had to be withdrawn, and the forces of the Republic re-occupied the island. But previous to the evacuation of Corsica, the 69th, reduced to a mere skeleton through service and disease, embarked at Bastia for Gibraltar. Upon arrival at the last named place, in the summer of 1795, it found a newly raised second battalion awaiting it, and both battalions having been incorporated, the regiment was soon after ordered home to England.

It was now the month of October, 1795, and at Gibraltar there had been congregated a rich fleet of merchant vessels from the Levant awaiting convoy to England. With these and some half dozen ships of war, the 69th sailed from Gibraltar. On the morning of the 7th October, the entire convoy being then off Cadiz, a French fleet under Admiral Richery, bore down upon the British. The English admiral signalled "disperse" to his convoy, and with his ships of war, though much inferior, formed line against the enemy—a short fight ensued, the French admiral was victorious and half the merchant ships, together with the whole of the 69th fell into his hands. The senior officer of the 69th (Capt. Richard O'Dogherty), seeing the vessel which carried his men about to strike to the enemy, sunk the colors of the regiment, to prevent their being captured by the French; and shortly after-

wards a dark and tempestuous night having set in, he took advantage of the opportunity it afforded, escaped from the enemy, and brought his regiment safely to Gibraltar.

Various drafts from other regiments having raised the effective strength to thirteen hundred men, the regiment was ordered in 1796 to St. Domingo, and in the following month reached Port-au-Prince, the capital of the island. At that period hostilities raged throughout the West Indies, and the blacks had everywhere risen in servile war against their masters. A formidable expedition amounting to twenty-five thousand men had sailed in November, '95, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, from England, but having been dispersed by storms in the channel, only a portion of it reached its destination in the spring of '96. St. Lucia, Guadaloupe, and Demerara were taken, and in St. Domingo a desultory warfare extended over a period of two years; but during these two years the 69th had to contend against an enemy the most formidable which a soldier can be called upon to meet. Of all the islands of the West Indies, Domingo stands unrivalled as the most unhealthy. From '96 to '98 deadly fever hung over the island, and in the latter year when the regiment sailed from the stricken spot, it left the bones of five-and-twenty officers and eight hundred men in the graveyards of Port-au-Prince.

While fever had thus been doing its deadly work at St. Domingo, let us return to the detachments amounting to 300 men which we last left in the Mediterranean fleet under Admiral Lord Hotham.

The year 1795 passed away without making much

alteration in the maritime affairs of Southern Europe; not so however the one that followed. Early in '96 the tide of French conquest rolled over Italy, and the Italian States were forced to withdraw from the Coalition; but later in the year, matters assumed even a more threatening attitude; Spain not only withdrew from the alliance, but declared herself hostile to England, and the same fleet which had assisted us at Toulon now put to sea as our enemy. The united fleets of France and Spain were more than the English admiral could cope with; and towards the end of the year Sir John Jervis sailing from the Gulf of St. Fiorenza, passed with his fleet the Straits of Gibraltar, and not one English vessel was left upon the waters of the Mediterranean. But previous to this retreat from the Mediterranean, the detachments on board the *Agamemnon* and *Courageux* shared in all the enterprises which attended the cruise of Nelson, along the Italian coast, during the summer of 1796. In the blockade of Genoa—in the gallant cutting out of store ships at Laona Bay—in the evacuation of Leghorn—the capture of Porto-Ferrajo, and the retreat from Corsica, the ship which carried Nelson carried also one hundred of the 69th; and when in a few months later, at St. Vincent, the great Captain passed from the quarter deck of the *San Nicholas* to the *San Josef*, in that unparalleled exploit of boarding at once two hostile ships, one across the other, he had again around him on every side, his tried detachment the “old *Agamemnons*” of the 69th. The detachment which had embarked on board the *Courageux* met an untimely fate. On the night of the 10th of December, 1796, while passing through the Straits of Gibraltar,

the *Courageux* struck the rocks upon the coast of Barbary—six hundred souls were on board at the time, and out of these scarcely a fifth were saved by clambering along the fallen mainmast to the rocky shore. This disaster reduced the detachments serving with the fleet at the close of 1796, to two, one on board the *Britannia*, and the other on board the *Captain*, to which vessel it had been transferred from the *Agamemnon*, when the latter, thoroughly worn out, was ordered home from the Mediterranean. The fleet which left the Mediterranean early in December, cast anchor in the Tagus, late in the same month, and remained in port until a reinforcement under Sir William Parker, in February, '97, enabled it once more to put to sea. On the 2nd February it left Lisbon, and on the 5th arrived off Cape St. Vincent in search of the Spanish fleet, then known to be bearing up from the Mediterranean to form a junction with the French fleet at Brest. On the evening of the 13th, Commodore Nelson joined in the *Minerve*, having passed through the Spanish fleet and narrowly escaped capture in the Straits of Gibraltar; he immediately hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Captain*, of 74 guns, which ship it must not be forgotten carried one hundred of the 69th. Evening closed upon the British with the signal "Prepare for action," flying from the *Victory*, for the sunset guns of the Spaniards were distinctly audible to windward, and there was little doubt that the morrow would be one long famous in the naval annals of England or of Spain. At break of day on the 14th February, 1797 (St. Valentine's day), the Spanish fleet was descried to the southward, and as the morning wore on and the fog lifted from the sea,

twenty-five ships were signalled in succession, extending in a long scattered line from south to west. The British fleet only numbered fifteen sail; but notwithstanding, its admiral determined to give battle, knowing the temper of his crews, and rightly judging that the scattered order of the enemy would more than counterbalance his numerical superiority. As this battle of St. Vincent is memorable in the annals of the 69th Regiment, a brief narrative of it may not be uncalled for. About mid-day the British fleet sailing in two compact lines, came up with the Spaniards, and commenced the action by passing through the loose line of battle which the enemy had scarcely succeeded in forming; the Spanish fleet, thus cut asunder, quickly fell into disorder, and being huddled together in a confused state, suffered immense damage from the broadsides, which one by one, the English ships delivered as they passed steadily through their enemies. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Captain, which an hour earlier had left her station in line and dashed into the centre of the enemy's fleet, found herself almost disabled, within twenty yards of the Spanish two-decker San Nicholas and close to the four-decker Santissima-Trinidad, the largest vessel in the Spanish navy. What ensued is best described in the words of Nelson himself:—

“At one p.m., the Captain having passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships, which formed their van and part of their centre, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, they on their larboard, we on the starboard tack, the admiral made the signal to tack in succession, but perceiving the Spanish fleet to bear up before the wind, or nearly so, evidently with an intention of forming their line, going

large, and joining their separate divisions, at that time engaged with some of our centre ships, or flying before us, to prevent either of their schemes from taking effect, I ordered the ship to be wore, and passing between the Diadem, Captain G. W. Lowry; and Excellent, Captain C. Collingwood, at a quarter past one o'clock, was close in action with the headmost, and of course, leewardmost of the Spanish division. The ships which I knew were the Santissima-Trinidad, 136 guns; San Josef, 112; Salvador del Mundo, 112; San Nicholas, 80; San Isidor, 74; with another first-rate, and a seventy-four, names not known.

"I was immediately joined, and most nobly supported, by the Culloden, Captain Trowbridge.

"The Spanish fleet, not wishing, I suppose, to have a decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, by which means it brought the ships above mentioned to be leewardmost in their fleet. For near an hour, I believe (but do not pretend to be correct as to time) did the Culloden and Captain maintain this apparently, but not really, unequal contest; when the Blenheim, Captain T. L. Frederick, passing between us and the enemy, gave us a respite and sickened the Dons. At this time the Salvador del Mundo and San Isidor dropped astern, and were fired at in a masterly style by the Excellent, who compelled the San Isidor to hoist English colours, and I thought the large ship Salvador del Mundo, had also struck; but Captain Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate who was to all appearance in a critical situation, the Captain, at this time, being actually fired upon by three

first-rates, and the San Nicholas and a seventy-four within about a pistol shot-distance of the San Nicholas. The Blenheim being ahead, and the Culloden crippled and astern, the Excellent ranged up, and hauling up her main-sail just astern, passed within two feet of the San Nicholas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire. The San Nicholas luffing up, the San Josef fell aboard her, and the Excellent passing on for the Santissima-Trinidad, the Captain resumed her station abreast of them, and close alongside. At this time, the Captain having lost her fore-topmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away and incapable of further service in the line, or in chase, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders ordered them to board.

"The soldiers of the 69th Regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pierson, of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost in the service. The first man who jumped into the mizen chains was Captain Berry, (late my first lieutenant). Captain Miller was in the very act of doing so, but I directed him to remain; he was supported from our spritsail-yard, which hooked in San Nicholas' mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th Regiment having broken the upper quarter gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others as fast as possible.* I found the cabin doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having burst open the doors, the soldiers

* This was private Matthew Stevens, afterwards Quarter-master of the regiment from 1810 to 1821; he died at Cannanore, on the western coast of India, in the latter year.

fired, and the Spanish brigadier (commodore with a distinguishing pendant), fell as retreating to the quarter-deck, on the larboard side, near the wheel. Having passed on to the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop,* and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pierson, on the larboard gangway to the forecastle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen, and they delivered up their swords. At this moment a fire of pistols or muskets, opened from the admiral's stern gallery in the San Josef, I directed the soldiery to fire into her stern. Our seamen, by this time, were in full possession of the ship; about seven of my men were killed and some few wounded, and about twenty Spaniards.

"Having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and calling to Captain Miller, ordering him to send more men into the San Nicholas, I directed my brave fellows to board the first-rate, the San Josef, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main chains. At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered; from this most welcomed intelligence, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bended knee, presented me with his sword, and told me the admiral was dying of his wounds, below. I asked him on his honor if the ship were surrendered? He declared she was, on which I gave him my hand, and desired him

* In the boarding of the San Nicholas, Private John Ashcroft particularly distinguished himself by striking the Spanish colours and hoisting the British, before the boarders had well established themselves on deck.

to call to his officers and ship's company, and tell them of it, which he did, and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which as I received I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang-froid* under his arm.

"One of my sailors now took me by the hand, saying 'he might not soon have such another place to do it in,' and assured me he was most heartily glad to see me there. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, (69th Regiment); John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cook, and William Fearney, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, soldiers and seamen. Thus fell their ships.

"The Victory passing, saluted us with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet."

At about five o'clock in the afternoon the Spanish admiral got his separated divisions together, and the Victory signalled "to cease the pursuit." Four line-of-battle ships had struck to the British. The Santissima-Trinidad was almost disabled, and many other of the Spanish vessels had suffered materially in the action. On board the prizes alone six hundred men had been killed, or wounded, and the Santissima had lost two hundred more. That the Spanish fleet was miserably handled there cannot be a doubt; that the captured vessels were fought with resolution is equally certain. "Whatever may have been the quality of the crews" writes James, "the courage of the officers was of the true Castilian stamp, and it is with these that the act of surrender chiefly rests." The sun, which had risen upon the proud array of the

Spaniards, set upon a different scene, their powerful fleet had been signally defeated, and driven from the open sea with the loss of some of its finest vessels. Whatever hopes of combined invasion the Spaniards might have entertained previous to St. Vincent, they vanished on that day; "and henceforth," says Brenton, "the old fashion of counting the ships of an enemy's fleet was entirely laid aside, and a new era may be said to have commenced in the art of war at sea."*

At length in 1799, after six years of constant warfare, the tide of success which had carried the arms of the Republic over the greater part of Europe, seemed about to turn in favour of the Coalition. Away along the banks of the Nile, and under the shadow of the Pyramids, Buonaparte had driven the Mamelukes from Egypt, as two years before he had driven the Austrians from Italy; but while under his guidance, the French forces achieved victory, elsewhere and under others they only experienced defeat. The battle of the Nile had thrown open the Mediterranean to the Russians, and kindled the drooping spirit of war amongst the German princes. In Italy, Suwarrow had

* In the Painted Hall, at Greenwich Hospital, there is a picture of that famous scene, Nelson, in full court dress, which was always his fighting garb, receives the swords of the vanquished Spaniards upon the quarter-deck of the San Josef; around are scattered the traces of sanguinary conflict, while close to the side of the great seaman stands the figure of a British officer, who salutes with uplifted hat the Spanish captains. Looking closely at the figure of this officer, the number 69th is descried upon the breast-plate which he wears; the figure is that of Lieutenant Pierson, to whose gallantry at the boarding, Nelson bore conclusive testimony.

In the appendix will be found the copy of a letter, written by Nelson, in the year '96, having reference to the services rendered by Lieutenant Pierson.

almost won back in one short campaign, the conquests of the two preceding years; and on the Rhine the Archduke Charles pressed hard upon Massena. Cut off from all communication with France, Buonaparte seemed lost for ever amidst the deserts of Egypt, and the revolution, it was fondly hoped, was at length about to close amidst disaster without, and discord within. Such was the state of affairs over Europe in the summer of 1799, when the British government determined once again to try the fortune of war in the low swamp-lands of Holland.

The expedition destined for Holland was one of great magnitude. To an army of seventeen thousand British troops, the Emperor Paul had promised to furnish an equal number of Russians, together with twelve ships of war, receiving for his assistance the immense sum of £147,000 sterling, and a monthly subsidy of £64,000; the troops and sailors to be also subsisted by the British. On the 13th August, a large fleet having on board the first portion of the British, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, put out from the Downs, and on the 25th cast anchor near the Texel. At three a.m., on the 27th, the disembarkation of the troops commenced—the light company of the 69th and several small detachments were amongst the first to land and were warmly engaged with the enemy amongst the low sand hills which line the shore. "The men as they landed," writes General Moore, who commanded a brigade "engaged by sections." The fight lasted until evening, when the enemy abandoned their position and retired to Keetan, six miles from the field of battle. On the 28th September, the Dutch fleet at anchor in the Texel, surrendered without firing a shot, and the strong position of the

Helder having been secured by the British, the whole army amounting to seventeen thousand men pushed on along the low swampy ground between the German Ocean and the Zuyder Zee.

On the 9th September, the Gallo-Batavian army made a general attack upon the British position, which Moore thus speaks of:—"Our men," he says, "lay concealed behind a dyke. At length a large solid column of the enemy, raising a loud shout, while drums and bugles sounded the charge, rushed on with impetuosity. The British sprung up by command and threw in a well-directed volley, which together with the grape shot from artillery mounted on the dyke, threw the enemy into confusion." Five days after this battle, the Duke of York landed at the Helder, and assumed command of the united forces, which numbered since the arrival of the Russians, five-and-thirty thousand men. With the confidence of success, which the experience of former years ought to have considerably lessened, the Royal Duke pressed on towards Alkamer; at Bergen the French occupied a strongly-intrenched position, extending across the low peninsula of Alkamer; and this position the allies determined to attack. The Russians and one column of the British were to carry the works in front; and so certain was the British commander of victory, that he despatched Abercrombie with ten thousand men to intercept the enemy's fugitives along the shores of the Zuyder Zee.

The night of the 18th September was rainy and tempestuous; the roads along which the column marched were deep with mud, and most of the bridges had been broken down. At one o'clock in the morning Hoorn was reached

and its garrison taken prisoners ; pushing on from thence through the marshlands bordering the Zuyder Zee, the column gained its intended ground, and the troops wet and tired, lay upon their arms waiting for the dawn.

At length day broke ; over the low swamp-land came the boom of heavy guns, but no flying enemy appeared ; then the roar of the cannonade grew gradually fainter, until at last it died altogether away ; and while all waited and wondered, a staff officer galloped up to tell the news of defeat—to tell how the Russians had been beaten back leaving their general, Herman, a prisoner with the French, and exposing the flank of the British attack to the enemy. Weary and dispirited, the column returned to camp, and the Duke of York, rendered wiser by his failure, determined to secure victory first before he again ventured upon measures for intercepting the runaways. This action cost the allies between five and six thousand men.*

On the 2nd October, the allied army made another attack upon the French position ; Bergen was carried, after a most obstinate conflict, and General Brune retired to a still stronger position, a few miles to the south.

The winter was now approaching, and so far, nothing of a decisive character had occurred to affect the anticipated conquest of Holland. The Dutch were evidently well satisfied with the new order of things, and elsewhere on the continent the tide of success had again turned in favour of the Republic ; Suwarrow had indeed led his Russians to the borders of France, but only to experience

* The 69th was attached to the 3rd Brigade, commanded by Major-General Coote ; in this brigade there were also the 2nd, 27th, 29th, and 85th Regiments.

disaster and defeat amidst the rocks and glaciers of Zurich. Of the seventeen thousand men who in August landed at the Helder, fully one-third had already fallen. At sea the elements proved unfavorable; the *Lutine* frigate, with £140,000 in specie, destined for the pay of the army, foundered in the German ocean. The evacuation of Holland was soon decided on, and a convention entered into between the contending armies, by which it was stipulated that a general exchange of prisoners should take place; that the allies should be allowed to embark peaceably at Zype, and that nine thousand French prisoners, then in captivity in England, should be restored. Of this convention, Abercrombie wrote, "What could tempt the French to agree to it I cannot conceive; one-half of this army must have fallen into their hands, with all our artillery, stores, etc."

By the 1st December, the British troops had returned to England, but the constitution forbade the assembly of a foreign force on the soil of Britain, and the remnant of the Russians, about eight thousand strong, were quartered in the beautiful Island of Guernsey, until summer had rendered navigable the waters of the Baltic. Such was the termination of an Expedition which had been undertaken with the most sanguine hopes of success—by far the largest that had yet left the shores of England, its failure did much to confirm the prevailing idea, that it was by desultory attacks upon the colonial dominions of France, that the war was to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion; accordingly in the succeeding years we find the resources of the British Empire scattered broad cast over the world—Buenos Ayres—the West Indies—Southern

Africa—different points of the Mediterranean coast—places too numerous to mention became the scenes of various expeditions, the complete success of which would have led even to no decisive results. Twice since '96 had the 69th Regiment crossed the Atlantic—a third voyage was now in store for it; almost immediately after its return from Holland, it embarked for Jamaica, to again suffer from the deadly effects of the West Indian climate.

The negro insurrection in St. Domingo had at this time reached its climax, and, led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, the blacks had established their superiority through every portion of the island.

It was feared that the example of a successful revolt might spread to the neighbouring Island of Jamaica, almost the richest sugar island of the West. But no rebellion took place, and in 1802 the 69th returned to England, just three months after the celebrated Peace of Amiens had given rest to the nations of Europe—a rest destined to be of but short duration. In 1803 war was again declared between France and England, and on both sides preparations were made which dwarfed by their magnitude all the efforts of preceding years. By the formation of the Army of Reserve a second battalion was added to the 69th, and this, together with the first, was employed during the whole of the year 1804 upon the construction of those lines of defence and martello towers which still stud the southern coast of England.

Early in the year 1805 the first battalion received orders for foreign service, and the second, which was only available for service in the British Isles, was despatched to the Island of Jersey.

CHAPTER III.

INDIA.—MUTINY AT VELLORE.

In the spring of 1805 the 69th Regiment, twelve hundred strong, embarked at Portsmouth for the East Indies. Never could Indian service have worn a more cheerless and uninviting aspect than in that month of March, 1805, when the regiment commenced its voyage. It was turning away from the greatest conflict of modern times—it was leaving behind “the great French war”—half Europe rang with the note of preparation—one hundred and seventy thousand Frenchmen lay encamped beyond the cliffs of Boulogne—all England was in arms to resist the threatened attack—the Republic had become an Empire—Austerlitz had yet to be, and Trafalgar was drawing nigh. Such was the political scene which twelve hundred soldiers were leaving for a distant, almost unknown land, of semi-barbarous warfare, and unhealthy climate—a land differing widely from the India of to-day, more remote by time, possessing far fewer facilities for transit, and having its present inconveniences of climate increased by the absence of many luxuries now used to mitigate them. A voyage of three months (very rapid for that time) brought the low shores of Coromandel in sight. About the middle of the month of July, 1805, the regiment landed at Madras, and detaching four companies to Vellore, took up its quarters within the ramparts of

Fort St. George, a spot where the fierce heat of the Carnatic summer is somewhat tempered by the cool breeze which blows at sunset from the Bay of Bengal.

Here we must leave the regiment while following the four detached companies which had gone inland to Vellore.

About a mile to the south of the Paliar River, eighty miles from Madras, in the district of North Arcot, stands the fortress and town of Vellore—of great importance in the early days of the English occupation as a check upon the wild horsemen of Mysore, it ceased to be a position of consequence when the whole of Southern India became British; but the fort, though no longer a barrier against Maharatta or Mysorean, was used as a place of safe keeping for the children of Tippoo Sahib, after the capture of Seringapatam. Within the ramparts stood the state apartments of the prisoners, the arsenal, magazine, hospital, and barracks for Europeans; and outside, on the southern glacis, were situated the lines of two regiments of native infantry. A worse selection could scarcely have been made as a residence for the sons and adherents of the fallen dynasty; the town swarmed with Musselmen, and the Sepoys of the native regiments were almost without exception followers of the same faith. Nor was the European force at all adequate to perform the various duties imposed upon it. The fortress was large, the prisoners were numerous, the population fierce and fanatical, the Sepoys strong and disloyal; yet four companies of the 69th were left alone at Vellore, guarding the members of a dynasty which still numbered its adherents by millions through the Peninsula. There is not, even in the scorch-

ing plains of the Carnatic, a place of more intense heat than Vellore; the granite hills which surround it are destitute of vegetation, and the radiation from the rocks prolongs the terrible heat of the day far into the night. It was a little after midnight on the 10th of July, 1806, when the soldiers of the 69th were lying on their barrack beds, in that deep sleep which is produced by excessive heat and lassitude—that a large party of the 1st Madras Native Infantry marched from their lines on the glacis, crossed the narrow causeway leading to the postern gate, and were admitted by the native sentinel into the interior of the fortress; from thence they moved silently towards the arsenal, main-guard, and magazine, and surrounded the low building in which the European soldiers lay asleep. These movements being completed, the signal for slaughter was given by the Sepoys who composed a portion of the main-guard, and who, having previously loaded their firelocks, shot the English sentinel at the gate and his comrades lying asleep within the guard-room. Then from the doors and windows of the barracks, from the quarters of the officers, and the buildings occupied by the wives and children of the soldiers, there gleamed out upon the darkness of midnight bright flashes of musketry, and yells of savage triumph, mingling with the rattle of small arms, arose, waking strange echoes amidst the gloomy recesses of the great Hindu pagoda which towers over the fortress. Many of the soldiers never woke from sleep, but passed as they lay to the deeper rest of death; others awoke maimed and mutilated, and others sprung unharmed from their beds, only to meet death as they rushed from the doors upon the bayonets of their murderers. But there

were others who, amidst this scene of carnage and confusion, not only passed unscathed, but retained, undismayed, the presence of mind and determination of brave men. Hastily grouping together, with what arms they could grasp as they sprung from their cots, these men formed themselves into a body and tried to force the gateway and gain the open space without. The attempt was useless; the roadway was swept by the fire of the Sepoys, and the leading men went down before it. To barricade the doorway, and seek shelter behind the pillars of the barrack-room from the fire which the mutineers poured through the windows, was all that could be done; and thus the hours of darkness wore gradually away, until at length the first streak of dawn gleamed across the eastern hills.

Meantime the deadly work went on apace elsewhere; it was easy to shoot English soldiers as they lay asleep upon their beds, but it was easier still to cut down frightened women and dash the brains from helpless children in the detached bungalows of the cantonment. So the Sepoys revelled in this particular species of Indian bravery, as fifty years later they revelled in similar atrocities on the banks of the holy Ganges. In only one other spot, excepting the barrack, was their career of carnage opposed. In a detached bungalow, situated near the gateway, a few officers of the 69th and a medical officer belonging to the Native Infantry Regiment, had held the upper storey and its surrounding verandah secure from attack. They were six in number, and when daylight enabled them to realise the true position of affairs, they determined at all hazards to attempt to cross the short space which separated their house from the barrack of the soldiers. To reach the door

of this barrack was impossible; for the mutineers filled the neighbouring houses, and their fire swept the space around. But the windows of the barrack looking towards the south were nearer than was the doorway, and through these windows they succeeded in effecting an entrance, aided by the soldiers from within, who broke away the iron stanchions, and kept clear with their fire the ground without.

While these events were proceeding around the barrack occupied by the 69th, elsewhere the mutineers pursued, unchecked, their career of slaughter. Colonel Fancourt and many other officers, nearly all the ladies, women, and children in the fort and cantonment were shot down or butchered in cold blood. The arsenal and magazine were broken into and ransacked, and, in large numbers the mutineers flocked to the palace, in which the state prisoners were confined. In the square of this palace they proclaimed Futteh Hyder, the late Sultan's second son, ruler of the Carnatic, and hoisted the green standard of Mysore upon the ramparts of the fortress. Having thus obtained possession of the entire fortress, with the exception of the European barrack, the mutineers redoubled their efforts to possess themselves of the latter building.

In the windows of a large storehouse opposite they mounted, by means of ropes, three field-pieces, and almost at the same time that the six officers joined their men round shot and grape began to pour into the building. The walls and pillars were no longer a protection, shot crashed through the thin brickwork, grape tore away the doors and shutters and sent the tiled roof in showers upon the men beneath, while from the surrounding enclosures

and lofty pagoda a ceaseless fire was maintained by hundreds of unseen enemies. The ammunition of the soldiers was almost exhausted, and nothing remained to them but the bayonet, a feeble weapon against a craftily-concealed foe.

Between the barrack and the northern rampart stood the expense-magazine belonging to the European detachment, and it was possible that this magazine, if reached, might yield a fresh supply of ammunition; from thence to the rampart was but a few yards, and once there, some shelter might be obtained.

Through the windows looking north, Captain McLoughlin determined to attempt the escape. Rallying together some two hundred men, he ordered the iron framework to be broken away; then the men jumped out by twos and threes, and quickly forming into some order moved on to the magazine; there was no ball cartridge in it, all had been removed, and only a few barrels of blank ammunition remained. These were hastily distributed, under a heavy fire; as each man received his ammunition he ran for the neighbouring rampart and found, for a time at least, a shelter in the central bastion. But only for a time; the Sepoys soon discovered that the upper portion of the pagoda commanded the interior of the bastion, and ascending to its lofty summit they opened a biting fire upon their now wearied enemies.

When a sufficient force had collected in the bastion, McLoughlin ordered an advance to be made along the rampart towards the north-east angle, which, being further removed from the pagoda, would afford better protection. The Sepoys had occupied the angle, but they only fired a

single volley at the approaching Europeans, and then fled along the eastern rampart in the direction of the gateway. This volley wounded Captain McLoughlin, who led the advance; but fortunately, almost at the same moment Captain Barrow reached the rampart, and took command of the party.

In escaping from the cavalier some Sepoys were killed, and from their well-filled pouches a small supply of ammunition was obtained. Leaving a party to hold the angle, Barrow headed the remainder of his men and moved along the rampart, driving the mutineers before him towards the main gateway of the fortress; on the right stood the mess-house and a few detached bungalows, one of which had been occupied by the paymaster. In the latter house the soldiers found scattered upon the floor several bags of treasure of the coinage then known as the Arcot rupee. These had been left by the mutineers either from a plethora of plunder or to await a quieter time for distribution, and they were now turned into a novel use by the soldiers of the 69th. The diameter of the coin was small, the bore of the old "Brown Bess" large, and under the pressure of necessity the rupee soon became a bullet. Not very effective perhaps was the new missile, but still more than one Sepoy felt its power, and an Irish soldier, with that gaiety of heart which makes his countrymen fight for fun, was heard exclaiming with much delight, as he shot down a mutineer on the rampart, "I'll trouble ye for change out of that!" Amidst the low walls and traverses which crossed the rampart over the Moorish archway of the main entrance the wearied soldiers found at length comparative shelter; and had they pos-

sessed proper ammunition this position might have enabled them to wage a more equal contest with their murderous foes ; but the ball cartridges had been all exhausted and the bayonet and silver bullets were only effective at close quarters. The mutineers, finding the soldiers possessed of so scant a supply of ammunition, became bolder in their attacks ; they held the space beneath the archway and the neighbouring houses around ; they could advance with impunity to within a short distance of the men, and they brought forth and planted on the parade ground, facing the gateway, two six-pounder field-pieces which had been stored in the arsenal.* It was about this period of the morning that an act of horrible barbarity was perpetrated in the open space between the pagoda and the gateway, under cover of these two field-pieces and in the full sight of the English soldiers. The sick men of the detachment, fifteen in number, were marched from the hospital into the centre of the parade-ground, and shot to death by the Sepoys in front of their comrades, who stood powerless to save them. "It was," says one who witnessed it, "a horrible sight ;" but it at least served to nerve to desperation the half-despairing survivors, to give them a wild longing for vengeance, and to teach them that safety could never be purchased by compromise or surrender. At the south-western side of the fort there stood a magazine over which a soldier of the 69th had been stationed as sentinel, and it now occurred to Captain Barrow that this magazine had possibly been held secure from the mutineers, and

* Lieut. Mitchell was wounded about this time by a Sepoy concealed in one of the neighbouring buildings.

might therefore yield a supply of ammunition. Taking with him sixty men, and leaving a strong guard to hold the gateway, he moved out along the rampart with the intention of forcing his way to the magazine; but in order to do this his party had to pass many houses which abutted upon the rampart, and which were filled with Sepoys. From the windows of these houses a constant fire was maintained, and before many yards had been crossed Barrow fell dangerously wounded; and the men of the 69th were left almost at the crisis of their fate without a combatant officer to direct or command them. They however pushed boldly on, and reached the magazine with diminished though undaunted numbers. But this effort was fruitless; they found the soldier lying dead upon his post, the magazine broken open, and the ammunition removed or destroyed.* As they retraced their steps towards the gateway, an act of great gallantry occurred. At the S.E. angle of the rampart stood, as it still stands, the flag-staff of the fortress. High over head the green flag of Mysore fluttered forth from the mast. To tear down the rebel standard there was no lack of volunteers, three sprang forward to scale the lofty post, the first ere he had reached one-fourth of the way relaxed his hold, and fell lifeless to the ground; two more commenced the dangerous ascent; around on every side, from house and

* I regret much that I am unable to discover the name of this sentry, for it is one which deserves to be recorded as a brilliant example of courage and discipline. It is said that some officer hurrying past the magazine in the early part of the morning, warned the sentinel to fly; he refused to do so until regularly relieved. Five hours later he was still found upon his post, but dead, only a single round of ammunition remained in his pouch, and around him lay the bodies of nine Sepoys.

garden, from bastion and traverse, the mutineers poured volleys upon the 69th, and the ascending figures thrown out against the sky seemed doomed to destruction. But they still persevered, and amidst a cheer which rose even above the loud volleys of musketry, gained the summit, and tore away the rebel flag.*

With the standard of Mysore in their possession, and carrying their wounded comrades along with them, the little party regained the gateway. Many had fallen around the flagstaff and along the ramparts, but the survivors still stood resolute, and still bore up almost hopeless, but undismayed against the fearful odds which assailed them. They had no ammunition, they were without officers, the terrific sun beat down upon their half-clad figures; their mangled comrades lay thickly around, and all hope at this side of the grave seemed to have for ever vanished. But no—even at that moment, when chance of escape appeared smallest, relief was drawing nigh.

And now we must carry our readers away some twenty miles to the eastward where the grey Indian dawn is breaking over the cantonment of Arcot. While the Sepoys were busy at their work of slaughter, and while the fight still raged around the low windows of the European barrack, a small native boy employed in the mess-house of the officers escaped through an embrasure over the gateway and held his way across the country towards Arcot. When he reached that station, day was breaking and the

* One of the men who performed this feat was a sergeant McManns; the other a private named Phillip Bottom; both received a trifling pecuniary reward from the government of Madras, and were mentioned in General Orders of 1806.

trumpets of the King's 19th Dragoons were sounding the "Fall in" for morning parade—to the Colonel Sahib rushed the breathless messenger, and if India had been searched through its length and breadth, no fitter man could have been found to hear the tidings which the poor native told in hurried and broken English. There was no confusion or delay on the part of the man who listened to this tale of successful mutiny. The orders which he gave were prompt and decisive; five minutes later a picked squadron rode from its muster-ground along the level highway towards Vellore, leaving the remainder of the regiment with the galloper guns to follow at a slower pace. Down through the deep dry sands of the wide bed of the Paliar, through the rocks and scattered groves of wild date at the foot of hills that surround Vellore, rode this picked squadron and its gallant leader, and, in little more than two hours, the leading files sweeping round the northern side of the hills, came in sight of the turreted gate where the 69th still bravely battled against the mutineers.

There is something strangely exciting in the scene which now ensued. From the cavalier of the N.E. bastion where had gathered a few frightened women, and where the wounded officers were lying, a watcher who scanned anxiously the dusty road leading towards Arcot, first perceived in the distance the approach of a body of cavalry, and as others looked and also saw over the quivering plain, the band of horsemen, whose pale faces told of kindred blood, a faint cheer rose from the weary watchers to tell their hard pressed comrades over the gateway, that fast as Arab horses could carry English troopers, succour was drawing nigh. They came on with

loose reins and arms flashing in the fiery sun,—with the red dust of the Indian soil curling in many a wreath behind—while before, mounted on a fleeter steed and nerved by a fiercer enthusiasm, rode far in advance the leader himself. To the watchers on the ramparts, this leader was not wholly unknown. There was more than one man present who in another country, and at an earlier time had become familiar to the sight of that light, active figure, and who well knew the dauntless heart which beat within it; and as these men now looked on the gallant sight which to them meant hope of life and vengeance, one amongst them cried out, to be of good cheer, for if Colonel Gillespie stood on Indian soil, that foremost horseman was he.* From the glacis where he had halted his blown troops, Gillespie saw he was powerless to effect an entrance into the fortress until his galloper guns had arrived; for the massive gates studded and clamped with iron were firmly closed, and the mutineers held the lower portion of the archway and filled the granite buildings within the gate; but, finding that the soldiers were without an officer, he rode forward across the causeway and, seizing a rope of belts which the men lowered from above, was hoisted from his saddle upon the ramparts of the fort. In the time which elapsed between the arrival of the first squadron and that of the galloper guns, Gillespie visited the bastion into which the wounded men had been conveyed; he conversed for some time with Captain Barrow, and looking around upon the scene of suffering—

* A sergeant named Brady had served with Gillespie six years before in the West Indies.

for within this Cavalier had congregated many, who that morning, had been made widows and orphans; he swore to take signal vengeance upon the perpetrators of the massacre. Retracing his steps to the gateway, he there awaited the arrival of his guns, which soon appeared upon the glacis and drew up at the end of the causeway within musket-shot of the ramparts. With the same coolness and daring which, eight years later, cost him his life at the storming of Kalunga, Gillespie now issued his orders from the battlements to the survivors within, and to the impatient troopers without. The guns brought closer to the gate, unlimbered upon the causeway, and threw their shot at pistol range into the entrance; soon the great timbers and iron bars were broken and wrenched away, the massive gate burst backward with a crash, and the road lay open to the dragoons who, in a long straggling column of attack, now swept under the archway.

But there still remained hard fighting to be done—cowardly assassins become momentarily brave when all hope of retreat is denied them, so the mutineers finding themselves pent within the walls of the fortress, whose wide deep ditch rendered escape impossible, fought with the savage fury of despair amidst the dark recesses of the entrance.

The forts built by the Moslem conquerors of India, seem modelled upon a uniform plan; almost in every instance the arched entrance lies between walls loopholed for musketry, and a tortuous road leads from the exterior to the interior of the place. When the 19th charged through the broken gate, the mutineers lurking in the recesses of this intricate passage opened upon them a heavy fire, but

in the meantime Gillespie had collected the remains of the 69th into a single body, and quitting the rampart, closed with the Sepoys and drove them from their shelter. Within the walls of the Hindu pagoda, which reared its idol-covered front almost in the centre of the fortress, the mutineers, driven from the gateway, sought a temporary respite from the fate which they well knew awaited them. The guns were again brought to the front, and the ponderous gate of the pagoda still bears traces of the few shots fired into it before the final surrender of the Sepoys.

I have followed at some length the history of the mutiny of Vellore, which by a strange chance became so closely interwoven with the fortunes of the 69th, and only the punishment meted out by a stern hand remains to be recorded.

Between the great pagoda and the eastern rampart there was situated a large oblong court in which the English soldiers had been accustomed to exercise at the game of "fives" when the rays of the sun grew less intense.

Into this court, the mutineers, to the number of three hundred, were now placed; they filled almost the entire space between the walls, and the dense dark mass reaching to the extremity of the flagway, had around it, upon three sides, lofty walls; and upon the fourth, a wall less lofty, but more impassible, a living wall of steel from the centre of which protruded the muzzles of the galloper guns.

The order given to the dismounted troopers, who stood around these guns, was one apparently easy of fulfilment; it was to fire until the living crowd became a heap of dead; but it is said that half-an-hour afterward there were arms moving, and a few bodies writhing amidst the

confused shapeless mass of black corpses which lay four and five deep upon the flagged floor of the blood-saturated fives' court.

Thus ended the mutiny of Vellore, which though deeply laid and commenced with every prospect of success, was frustrated by the bravery of a few soldiers of the 69th, and the determination of Colonel Gillespie.*

Fifty years later, a mutiny broke out in the cantonment of Meerut, under circumstances far less favourable to the mutineers. There was a battalion of British infantry, one thousand strong in barracks, close to the scene of revolt; there stood ready a superb regiment of cavalry, numbering six hundred sabres, a troop of horse artillery, and five hundred English recruits, in all two thousand two hundred Europeans were at hand, available to crush at the outset the spirit of insurrection; but there was no Gillespie—no man in command who could see at once the work to do, and who knew how to do it. All was bewildered confusion, the mutineers went streaming unopposed from Meerut to carry rebellion through Bengal, and one night's mismanagement rendered necessary the reconquest of an empire.

It is not easy to imagine what might have resulted had the example of the Sepoy garrison at Vellore spread

* The cause of the mutiny at Vellore was long a subject of fierce contention among the authorities in India and at home. Dread of religious interference—novel innovations of the dress of the Sepoy—conspiracies to replace the Mahommedan dynasty on the throne of Mysore, these and many other causes were stated to have produced the outbreak of the 10th July; but seen by the light of the great mutiny of '57, the massacre at Vellore is only another proof that at times the Sepoy wants little provocation to develop a spirit of savage animosity against all European rule.

through the length and breadth of Southern India, but it is scarcely too much to assert that the war which dragged its length from Toulon to Waterloo, might, in all human probability have had a very different termination if, during its crisis, our native army in the East had risen in insurrection.

In a moment of profound peace, a mutiny in our own time almost shook the empire to its centre, and if at the very time when the great coalition had been scattered at Austerlitz, when Prussia had been almost annihilated at Jena, when England, though safe from invasion was still powerless against French democracy, if at such a time there had come upon us in the East a vast mutiny of our Indian forces, it is just possible that the stream of history would have been changed. Fifty-six years after the events we have just related, the 69th found itself again in Madras. Many generations had come and gone in the regiment, and the memory of the mutiny had long sunk into vague tradition; yet there were some who visited the scene of massacre, and saw the resting place of those who had fallen. The interior of the fortress had undergone but little alteration; the European barrack had been pulled down, but the fives-court, pagoda, and flag staff still stood, and the immense solidity of the massive ramparts had saved the fortress from the demolition, which, under the direction of a late official, had befallen so many of the Moorish forts in the Presidency of Madras.

In the burial ground of the Europeans, a few hundred yards east of the gateway there stood, shaded by an old decaying tree, a large square mound of brick and mortar, without date or inscription of any kind. Time had made

sad havoc upon the perishable materials, and through many rents and fissures, wild plants had grown luxuriantly. This mound marked the spot where the victims of the mutiny had been laid. Beneath it reposed the bones of many of the 69th, and when, for a second time in its career, the regiment crossed the surf-beaten shore of Madras, embarking for England, there was left behind in the old graveyard at Vellore, a fitting monument to the memory of the gallant men who lay there.

The survivors of this mutiny were shortly after moved to Madras, but two months later the whole regiment marched to Vellore, to escort the captive children of the late sultan from a spot where they still possessed too many friends and adherents. This duty being accomplished, the regiment moved to the south, and took up its residence in Trichinopoly, where two years passed quietly away.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVANCORE—BOURBON—ISLE OF FRANCE—JAVA.

When the Hindu deity, Parshaurama, standing upon the summit of the Western Ghauts, wished to create the south western portion of India, he hurled his axe into the ocean, and the waters, receding from the space over which the weapon flew, left bare and dry the rich region of Kerala. So runs the legend of the Namburi Brahmins with regard

to the formation of the wooded and fertile region which, lying at the southern extremity of India, is now the native state of Travancore. After the fall of Tippoo Sultan, the East India Company being without a rival in Southern Hindustan, easily obtained sovereignty of the state, and in 1805, by a treaty which, according to its preamble, was to bind the contracting parties as "long as the sun and the moon shall endure," the entire administration was vested in the government of Madras, and the territory virtually became British.

Two years later, however, this all-enduring treaty began to show symptoms of decay, the Rajah commenced to dream of independence, and his minister the Dewan became singularly blind to the benefits which his country derived from paying four-fifths of its revenue into the hands of the Honorable Company of Merchants trading with the East. "At length," says the historian of the Company, "it became evident that something more than what in modern times has been called passive resistance was intended; preparations for direct hostilities were made almost without an attempt at concealment, and so serious did the state of affairs appear to the government of Madras, that two bodies of troops were ordered to be put in motion for Travancore." One of these bodies of troops assembled at Trichinopoly, under the command of Colonel the Honorable St. Leger, and the 69th Regiment forming the principal European portion of this column, commenced its march in January, 1809, to the southern frontier of Travancore.

The Arambouli Pass, towards which St. Leger's column advanced, was a deep rugged gorge, lying a few miles

north of Cape Comorin in the lofty mountains which border Travancore upon its eastern side. This pass had been fortified with a strong line of earthworks flanked by redoubts, and was defended by the Travancoreans with what force could be collected and disciplined to meet the sudden emergencies of invasion upon the northern and southern frontiers.

Advancing along the high road from Palam Cottah, St. Leger reached the entrance of the pass on the 6th February, but being unprovided with heavy guns, he determined to attempt the capture of the works by escalading the southern redoubt. During the early morning of the 10th, a party of the 69th climbed the steep face of the mountain, and after six hours arduous ascent, through almost impenetrable jungle, reached the foot of the redoubt undiscovered by the enemy; the ladders were quickly placed against the wall; the garrison taken by surprise made but a feeble resistance; the redoubt was carried with a trifling loss, and its guns turned to enfilade the lines below. By nine o'clock in the morning, the whole chain of works had been stormed in several places, the northern flanking redoubt also carried, and the Travancoreans, hastily abandoning the rugged mountains, fell back into the open country at the further end of the pass. The flank companies of the 69th with some other light troops under Colonel McLeod, were now pushed forward through the pass, and on the 17th February, the enemy again suffered defeat while strongly posted with nine guns between the villages of Kotar and Nagracoil.

Having cleared the hills, the column advanced northward along the Trivandrum road, and soon came in sight

of the forts of Papanaverum* and Oodagherry, the last named of which, built around the base of a steep and rocky hill, commanded the approach to the capital.

But the spirit of the Travancorean force had been completely broken by the successive defeats it had sustained in the short war, which had been thus vigorously carried on; the position of Oodagherry was hastily abandoned, and the Rajah, finding resistance hopeless and the victorious British almost at his capital, concluded peace with the Company. By this treaty he consented to all demands made by the British government. The obnoxious minister became a fugitive in the mountains, and, after many wanderings, put an end to his existence amidst the dark recesses of the great Sanctuary of Bhagwadi. The 69th immediately commenced its long return march towards Madras, and reached the cantonment of Wallajabad, in May, 1809. This cantonment of Wallajabad, frequently the quarters of the 69th, was once a celebrated station in the Presidency of Madras; its graveyard, that mournful

* In the year 1863, the writer of this history found himself by the merest chance in the ruined fort of Oodagherry, in the southern part of Travancore; he did not then know the particulars of the short campaign which his regiment had made in Travancore fifty years before. He was on his way to Cape Comorin, and Nagracoil and Ketar lay between him and his destination. In the minds of the natives, the tradition of the last war yet lingered, and amidst a tangled mass of brushwood and creeping plants which covered the ruined fort, the graves of Europeans were pointed out. A few days later he halted at the entrance of the Arambooli Pass, the country was wild and picturesque, the mountains rose abruptly from the plain, their summits hidden in the clouds, ruined forts and temples were numerous around, but ignorance of the associations connected with the spot, robbed the rugged pass of half the interest which otherwise it would have borne.

relic of English dominion in India, bears sad testimony to the unhealthiness of a spot which was long known as "The grave of Europeans." The writer of this narrative has been told by a person still living, that at one period within his memory, mortality was so great in Wallajabad, that wickerwork coffins were used to convey the dead to their last place of rest in the graveyard of the station. In July, 1809, the 69th moved from Wallajabad to the neighbourhood of St. Thomas' Mount, and soon after took up its quarters in Fort St. George, Madras. It was in this year, 1809, that the European officers of the native Madras army mutinied against the civil government of Fort St. George. Into the origin and phases of that mutiny it is not my intention to enter. It will be sufficient to observe that during this very month of July, 1809, the garrisons of Masulipatam, Hyderabad, and Seringapatam, were in open mutiny—that a joint movement on Madras was proposed by the mutineers, and so serious had events become, that Lord Minto, the Governor-General, writing to the Home Government, observed,—“The East Indian Company, and, I may add the British Empire in all its parts, never, I believe, was exposed to greater, or more imminent danger.”

But fortunately a civil war was not the species of conflict in which the 69th was next to engage. For many years the French islands of Bourbon and Mauritius had afforded refuge to a fleet of privateers and vessels of war, a fleet which swept the Indian ocean, and carried terror amongst the merchant shipping, even to the Sand Heads of Calcutta.

As far back as the year 1800, the reduction of these

islands had been projected by the Marquis of Wellesley ; and the command of the expedition then formed had been given to no less a person than Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wellesley, but its destination was shortly after changed to Egypt, and the French islands were for a time forgotten.

Early in 1810 the government of Bengal determined to attempt with a large and well equipped force, the conquest of the Isle of Bourbon. On the 2nd May, a fleet of transports, having on board the 69th and 86th Regiments, the flank companies of the 12th and 53rd, two regiments of native infantry, and two batteries of artillery, sailed from the roadstead of Madras, under convoy of three frigates. On the 20th June the entire fleet reached the small Island of Rodriguex, three hundred miles to windward of the Isle of France, and after much delay, finally arrived off the northern coast of Bourbon, on the 6th July. During the afternoon of the 7th, the landing of the several divisions commenced ; the first brigade, under Colonel Fraser, safely disembarked at Grand Chaloupe, a spot lying west of St. Denis, but the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Brigades, which were to land at Rivière-des-Pluies, three miles east of the town, were not so fortunate. The weather, which had at first favoured the expedition, suddenly became wild and tempestuous ; a heavy surf broke violently on the beach, and many of the boats were stove in as they neared the shore, which here rose in masses of shingle abruptly from the water. The first detachment consisting of one hundred and sixty men of the 69th, under Colonel McLeod, was put on shore, but many of the arms were lost, the ammunition wholly destroyed, and the boats knocked to pieces in the surf. It was then attempted to continue the dis-

embarkation by running a light transport brig on shore ; this was done, but the stern cable soon parted, and the vessel drifting through the surf, was thrown broadside on the beach. The party under McLeod was now in a critical position, for being completely cut off from the fleet and having no serviceable arms in its possession, it must have fallen an easy prey had an enemy appeared ; fortunately, however, no attempt was made by the French, who deemed the surf too violent to allow even a partial landing, and whose attention was drawn away by the division under Colonel Fraser, from the more important demonstration at Rivière-des-Pluies.

As night approached, the weather became still more tempestuous, and the surf breaking higher upon the beach, rendered all communication impossible. On board the *Boadicea* frigate there was a subaltern officer of the 69th, named Foulkstone; this man volunteered to swim the surf and carry any orders to Colonel McLeod, which the Brigadier-General might dictate ; his offer was accepted; being an expert swimmer he passed in safety through the dangerous waves and gained the shore ; the order which he bore directed Colonel McLeod to occupy a battery at St. Marie, on the Breton river ; this was accordingly done, and the detachment remained unmolested during the night. On the following day, the weather still continuing rough, the project of disembarkation at Rivière-des-Pluies was finally abandoned, and the frigates dropped down with a favourable wind to Grand Chaloupe. Landing at the last named place, the entire force advanced across the mountains upon St. Denis. But in the mean time Fraser's division had engaged and defeated the enemy,

and the other brigades arrived only in time to form for the final storming of the capital. The French commander, however, did not await an assault. At six p.m., on the 8th, a capitulation was signed, and the island with all its stores and material, surrendered to the British. The total loss of the British amounted to only twenty-two killed, and seventy-nine wounded. After the capitulation, the troops encamped at St. Paul's, awaiting further movements against the Isle of France. Bourbon having been thus easily taken, preparations were next made for the expedition to the Isle of France. The blockading-squadron on the southern coast of that island received reinforcements from the camp at St. Paul's, and on board the *Nereide* frigate were placed fifty grenadiers of the 69th, together with fifty of the 53rd. The small Isle de la Passe, lying four miles east of Port Imperial, and commanding the intricate channel leading to that place, was taken on the night of the 14th of August, and garrisoned by fifty men under the command of Captain Todd.

The entrance to the channel of Port Imperial now lay open, and the *Nereide* took up her station between the island and the mainland with a view to prosecute a series of bold attacks upon the forts and small stations inland. During the 17th, 18th and 19th of August, parties of seamen and soldiers landed at different parts of the coast, surprised many posts occupied by the enemy, and destroyed or captured several guns; but on the morning of the 20th, while one hundred and seventy officers and men were again engaged on shore, five French ships of war were discovered bearing down upon the channel of de la Passe, apparently with the intention of

entering Port Imperial. To return to their ship was now the great object of the party on shore; hastily embarking, every nerve was strained during a long pull of five miles, but while yet a considerable distance lay between them and their frigate, the leading French vessel rounded the Isle and entered the narrow channel. Meanwhile the French ensign had been hoisted by the Nereide, and French colours were flying on the flag-staff of the island. The signal "*L'ennemi croise au coin du mer*" was also made, and the approaching vessels deceived by the false colors, and unacquainted with the fact that de le Passe had been taken, ran up their numbers as the Bellone, Minerve, and Victor, with two captured Indiamen, the Wyndham and Ceylon. As the leading ship, the Victor, passed close to the Nereide, the latter hoisted British colors and opened her fire on the enemy. The French corvette taken completely by surprise, hailed that she struck, but a few minutes later two other vessels entered the channel, and exchanging broadsides with the British frigate hailed their surrendered comrade to follow in their wake. Meantime, the boats from the land had approached the French vessels, and the capture of their crews appeared unavoidable; but to the surprise of all on board the British frigate, and particularly of the soldiers and sailors who were in the boats, the enemy's vessels passed by within pistol-shot apparently unmindful of their presence. In a few minutes afterwards the boats reached the Nereide, and their crews stood safely on deck just as a fourth French frigate, the Bellone, hove in sight at the narrow entrance. The Bellone first bore down upon the Nereide with the intention, to all appearance, of boarding; but just as the

yards touched, she kept slightly away, and both vessels delivered broadsides at half-pistol distance; the Frenchmen then passed up channel, and all four ships cast anchor at some little distance from the British. Two days passed away, and the morning of the third brought to the Island de la Passe the Sirius frigate of six-and-thirty guns. "Ready for action—enemy of inferior force" was the signal hoisted by the Nereide, as her consort under a cloud of sail approached the passage, and both frigates moving together up the waters of the channel prepared to attack the enemy, who had now moored his ships with springs on cables, crescent shape, under the guns of Port Imperial. But the fight was not yet to begin; the Sirius leading in, grounded upon a sand bank, and in spite of every effort to get her off, remained fast until the following day. This following day, the 23rd August, brought two other British frigates to the waters of Imperial, and the warm summer afternoon was growing late when all four vessels having cleared for action bore down upon the Frenchmen. Again the Sirius touched the ground, this time within range of the enemy whose guns now opened upon the British squadron. The Nereide continuing her course quickly approached the French vessels and anchored within half pistol-shot of the Bellone, whose heavy broadsides she at once replied to. It was an unequal contest; two of the British frigates had already grounded; the land batteries poured in a biting fire, and the crews of the French ships were constantly relieved by fresh troops from the shore. The sun set, the short tropical twilight rapidly deepened into night, but still the Nereide maintained her unequal struggle, and all the hills around flashed with the



prize in tow, were slowly making their way to the Isle of France. The French frigate, Venus, had lost her top-masts in the action with the Ceylon, and soon struck her colors to the Boadicea; the Victor escaped, but the recapture of the Ceylon liberated her crew from the short confinement which they had undergone since the morning. In the first action, the 69th had four men killed and nine wounded, and amongst the latter was Captain Ross, who commanded the detachment. Although four months had now passed away since the expedition had first set foot upon Bourbon, the Isle of France still remained unconquered, and the French frigates had hitherto cruised almost unchecked upon the waters of the Indian seas. But all this was shortly to be changed. Early in November, reinforcements from the Cape arrived at Bourbon, the encampment at St. Paul's was broken up, and Rodriguez again made the rendezvous of the several divisions that were expected from India. The near approach of the hurricane season caused the expedition to start from Rodriguez with as little delay as possible. On the 22nd November, the fleet got under weigh, and beating up against light and adverse winds, arrived in sight of the Isle of France, on the 28th. On the morning of the 29th, the disembarkation commenced at a rocky inlet called Grand Bay, on the north side of the island, and by three o'clock in the afternoon twelve thousand men were safely on shore. Between the place of landing and the town of Port Louis, a distance of fifteen miles intervened, but the country was rough and intricate and the road which followed the direction of the coast, led through a forest much entangled with brushwood. The

advance was necessarily slow, the men suffered from want of water, and many sank under the intense heat, for it was the summer season in the southern hemisphere. On the 30th, the march was resumed, slight skirmishing took place between the adverse piquets, but the heat of the sun, and the want of water, were more serious obstacles to contend with, than any which the enemy could offer, and on this, as on the preceding day, only a short march could be made. On the 1st December the different brigades again moved forward, and the light troops leading encountered the enemy, who with some field pieces had taken up a strong position in front; a charge of the light troops was immediately made, Colonel Campbell, of the 33rd, and Major O'Keefe, of the 12th, were shot while leading their men, but the position was carried, and the column pushed on to Port Louis.

On the 2nd December, the French Governor-General Decean proposed to capitulate, and on the morning of the 3rd, the terms were finally agreed to. The troops in garrison and the crews in the sloops of war were to be conveyed to France, and the island was handed over to the British crown, to whose dominion it has since belonged. Thus, with the loss of only twenty-eight killed, ninety-four wounded, and forty-five missing, was captured the rich Island of Mauritius. In the harbour of Port Louis, were taken many ships of war and merchant vessels, but "the old battered Nereide," says James, "rendered famous by the gallantry of her captain and crew, was in too bad a state to be removed, and was sold only to be broken up."

Three weeks after the surrender of the island, the army was broken up. On the 26th December, the 69th embarked at Port Louis, and landed once more at Madras, on the 8th February, 1811.

Scarcely had the 69th reached Madras, from the Isle of France, when it received orders to join the expedition preparing against Java, the richest island of the Indian seas. Often during the long war between France and England, had the reduction of this splendid island been planned by the British government, but the wars with the Maharatta powers in India had as often interfered to postpone the fulfilment of the scheme, and to leave longer under the power of France the last relic of her colonial empire. When, however, Central India had been reduced to submission, and the islands of the Indian Ocean had been taken, the long-projected invasion of Java was again revived, and a powerful expedition set on foot to effect it. Four British and five Native regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and a strong force of artillery, in all nearly twelve thousand men, left India in April, 1811, and reached the first place of rendezvous in the harbour of Penang towards the middle of the month of May; Malacca, the next rendezvous, was reached early in June; but in the meantime sickness had appeared in the fleet, and twelve hundred invalids were landed and left behind. Continuing its way through the Straits of Singapore, the expedition reached Point Sambar on the 20th July, and, after many delays, finally made the coast of Java, at the entrance of the Marandi river, on the 3rd August. Next day the disembarkation commenced, and before night eight

thousand men were landed close to the little village of Chillingching, on the eastern coast of Java. No opposition was made by the Batavian troops, but soon after dark the English advanced patrols in the neighbourhood of Chillingching came in contact with the enemy. Covered by a portion of the fleet which moved along the coast, the leading column, under Colonel Gillespie, advanced towards the city of Batavia, distant some twelve miles; the Angoli river was crossed by a bridge of boats on the 6th; two days later Batavia surrendered unconditionally, and Gillespie took immediate possession of the capital, which had been abandoned by the Dutch. Meantime the Franco-Batavian forces, under their commander General Jansen, had retired to the intrenchments of Fort Cornelius, and in this formidable position they awaited the advance of the English army. Fort Cornelius, originally a place of safety to the early Dutch settlers against the assaults of the Malays, had been strengthened in succeeding years by the addition of several strong redoubts, and mounted in 1811, together with its outworks, two hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. Its right flank was secured by the large River Jacatra, and its left rested upon a "Sloken," or canal, of great depth. The front was covered by a wide, palisaded ditch, and the lines, thus secured and protected, were nearly five miles in circumference. A detachment of the enemy, three thousand strong, occupied an advanced position at Weltenvreeden, three miles in front of the main body, on the road leading to Batavia. Early in the morning of the 10th August, the light troops of the English army under Gillespie attacked this position and drove the enemy backward to Cornelius, taking in the assault three

hundred prisoners and seven pieces of cannon. The main body moving rapidly on, followed up the success of its advanced column, and soon came in sight of the formidable stronghold in whose intrenchments ten thousand effective troops had taken post.

On the night of the 20th August, trenches were opened within six hundred yards of the enemy's works, and batteries for twenty-eight heavy guns were nearly completed by the 22nd.

At daybreak, however, on that date, the Dutch made a vigorous sortie on the British lines, and being in great force succeeded in gaining momentary possession of one of the batteries, but it was quickly retaken, and after a sharp conflict, the enemy fell back within his works. The 69th Regiment on this occasion formed the outlying piquet, and had Lieutenant-Colonel Clarges and Lieutenant Mitchell wounded. The first-named officer died almost immediately of his wounds. Foiled in this sortie, the Dutch opened a tremendous fire from thirty-four heavy guns, and continued during the entire day an incessant cannonade upon the English lines. On the 23rd, both sides seem to have rested, but only to recommence with increased fury on the following day. By the evening of the 25th the front line of the enemy's works was much damaged, many of his guns had been dismounted, and although the inner works were still unharmed, yet the heat of the sun, then on the meridian, and the near approach of the rainy season, decided the English General upon attempting an assault to take place at daybreak the following day. The officer entrusted with the command of the principal assaulting column was one well known, at

least to the soldiers of the 69th. He was the same, who five years earlier, had led his regiment of dragoons to the relief of the weary men, standing at bay against the mutineers over the old archway at Vellore, and there were doubtless some present who went more cheerfully against the Batavian stronghold because of the memory which still lived with them of that morning's work far away by the Paliar.

The plan of assault was simple ; two strong columns were to attack the redoubts which flanked the main intrenchments, while a third was to force the ditch in front as soon as the flanking attacks had sufficiently declared themselves. At midnight on the 25th, the different columns moved silently from the English lines, for the assault was to commence with the dawn, and both on the right and left a long and intricate path had to be pursued before the destined stations could be reached. On the right, Colonel Gillespie led his men against the redoubts which rested on the banks of the artificial water-course—a bridge crossing the Sloken, united these redoubts to the main intrenchments, and neither the works nor their garrisons had suffered injury from the fire which had been principally directed against Cornelius itself. Arrived at the destined point, Gillespie's dispositions were quickly made ; his men comprised the flower of the army, and he had with him the grenadier and light companies of the 69th. The dawn was breaking over the woods which surrounded Cornelius as the British troops in columns of sections rushed upon the works. The enemy was ready to receive them—a tremendous fire of grape and quick volleys of musketry smote the advancing

lines, but through the mist of morning, rendered grayer by the low-lying smoke, the deep voice of Gillespie could be heard cheering on his devoted followers, who with loud shouts burst into the redoubt and carried it by storm.

Mixed with the fugitives, the victorious column crossed the bridge midst a wild scene of carnage and confusion, and poured with impetuosity upon redoubt No. 2, within whose works General Jansen himself had taken post. Here the Franco-Batavian forces made a most determined stand, and inspired by the presence of their leader, fought with a resolution which against other enemies might have given them victory. But a battalion composed of grenadier and flank companies of British soldiers was an enemy against whom courage and resolution could only protract a conflict. After a desperate struggle the Dutch abandoned the redoubt, General Jansen was carried away amongst the fugitives, and Gillespie, losing not a moment, followed in pursuit.

The grenadiers of the 69th, together with the grenadiers of two other regiments, about the same time moved to the right against a large flanking redoubt held in force by the enemy, and mounting some thirty heavy guns. In a moment it was carried with the bayonet, yet scarcely had the assailants gained firm footing, and while the defenders still offered resistance, its magazine blew up with a terrific crash, hurling into the air the greater portion of the grenadiers and killing and wounding every officer who belonged to them. But this awful disaster was unheeded amidst the wild scene of carnage which now ranged along the entire line of the enemy's stronghold. Far away to the left, six battalion companies of the 69th, led on by Colonel McLeod,

had also attacked at daybreak the redoubt which rested on the Jacatra ; at this point, as at the others, the enemy was on the alert and heavy volleys of grape greeted the advancing troops as they crossed the glacis and swarmed into the ditch. As the head of the column, carrying all before it, reached the interior of the work, and at the very moment when the broken ranks of the Dutch told that victory was in his grasp, McLeod was shot dead amongst the leading files he had so gloriously headed. He fell at the right moment, for his last look beheld the triumph of his men, and their victorious cheers were the latest sounds which reached him as his senses grew dull in death.

Notwithstanding the fall of its leader the column still pressed on. Within Cornelius itself the Dutch long fought with courage and determination ; but Gillespie's right attack had now pushed its triumphant way into the centre, and the enemy's strong park of artillery in the rear with all the reserves fell into his hands. About the same time the central column after much opposition carried the front line of defence and burst into the principal intrenchment. From all sides the victory was won, one thousand dead lay around ; three general officers, thirty-four field officers, seventy captains, one hundred and fifty subaltern officers, and between four and five thousand soldiers were taken prisoners ; many more were cut down by the British cavalry in pursuit, and four hundred and thirty pieces of cannon were found in the works and the intrenched camp. General Jansen with a small escort of cavalry fled to Buitenzorg, thirty miles from the scene of battle, but the rapid approach of the British cavalry obliged him to continue his flight with precipitation still further to the

eastward. Closely pressed by the British army, he finally proposed capitulation on the 16th September, and two days later the great Island of Java was handed over to the British. But this signal victory was not achieved without loss to the victors. From the 4th to the 27th of August, the British lost nearly one thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing. The loss of the 69th was proportionately severe, eleven officers and seventy-six men were killed or wounded, and three other officers fell victims to the fatigue and severity of the service; amongst these latter was Lieutenant Nadould, who only a year before had commanded the small party of the 69th on board the *Nereide* frigate in the fierce action with the French ships at Port Imperial.

Such was the capture of Java, a deed much celebrated in its day. Soon eclipsed by the greater events of European warfare, it occurred nevertheless at a time when universal disaster had attended the arms of the Coalition. Every throne lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, and from the Tagus to the Vistula all peoples bowed before the domination of a single man.

One month after the capitulation of Java, the 69th embarked at Batavia, and sailing for the Malabar coast, reached the Isle of Goa on the 7th December following.

In the quiet of this old Portuguese city, which even in its ruins still preserves traces of its former magnificence and beauty, some fifteen months passed away, a period which must have seemed one of complete rest after the incessant movement and arduous service of the preceding years.

In 1813, the regiment moved from Goa, to Tellacharry,

and during the following years garrisoned in succession Seringapatam, Bellary, Hyderabad, Gooty and Kurnool, but no active service was experienced until the spring of 1817.

In the commencement of the Southern Maharatta war in 1817, the flank companies of the 69th were detached from the regiment, then in quarters at Kurnool, and marched to Adoni where they were formed into a battalion together with the flank companies of the 30th, 53rd, and 84th Regiments.* This battalion served with great distinction throughout the campaigns of the two subsequent years. Starting from Satara in the spring of 1818, a column under Brigadier-General Pritzler, took in succession the hill forts of Singhur, Purandoor, and Wasota; the first-named fortress built upon a crag eighteen hundred feet above the plain, and long famous in Maharatta history, surrendered after three days' bombardment, during which four thousand shot and shell were thrown upon its lofty summit. Purandoor was attacked on the 14th March following, and although some resistance was at first offered, it capitulated on the 16th. Colonel Blacker in his history of the Maharatta war, thus alludes to the movements which immediately preceded the surrender of Purandoor: "The British troops had advanced by way of Jijuri, and at Saswad, had some little trouble in capturing a strong stone building in which

* "Among the troops which joined from Satara, under Pritzler," says Col. Blacker, "was the European flank battalion, composed of the flower of four regiments, who, notwithstanding the difficulty of maintaining long, in a state of regularity, a corps composed of various details, had been as remarkable throughout the service, under Major Giles's command, for their discipline and order as for their gallantry."

two hundred Arabs, Sindhi's, and Hindustani, had shut themselves up with some small guns. The walls were so substantial that six-pounders were found incapable of affecting them. Eighteen-pounders were then brought up, but though these also appeared to make as little impression on the walls, they had sufficient on the minds of the garrison to induce them to surrender at discretion."

On the 5th April, Wasota surrendered; its defences were of immense strength, and in its deep dungeons were stored the jewels of the Maharatta chief; but neither its strength nor its riches could induce its garrison to offer a determined resistance. After the defeat of the Peshwa, in the neighbourhood of Poonah, Pritzler's column advanced upon Sholapore, to which place had congregated a Maharatta force of some six or seven thousand men. At three o'clock a.m., on the 10th May, the lower town was taken by escalade, and four days later the fort surrendered at discretion. In this attack the flank battalion lost forty men killed and wounded. The hill fortress of Copal Droog was successfully stormed on the 13th May, 1819, the flank battalion having again the honor of leading the attack. The principal gate was blown in and the fort taken by escalade from the lower town; the garrison fought with resolution, hurling from their lofty ramparts detached rocks upon their assailants beneath. This capture of Copal-Droog was the last act in the southern Maharatta war; the Peshwa had already submitted to the British, and forfeiting his rank as ruler of Poonah, he became one more of the many stipendaries of the Company.

Thirty-two years later this ex-Peshwa of Poonah,

Bagee Rao, died in the small town of Bithoor, close to the holy Ganges ; he left behind as his successor a man well known in the history of our own day. A very few years after, this adopted heir became suddenly famous by the singular atrocity of his nature, but few cared to trace the sequel of the Maharatta war in the Nana Sahib, of Cawnpore.

SERVICE OF THE 2ND BATTALION 69TH REGIMENT.

While from almost every part of Europe vast armies converged upon the French frontier, and while Napoleon, with scarce a fifth of the allied numbers, was about to strike his tremendous blows at Brienne, Mont-Mirail, Montereau, and Rheims, a small British division of six thousand men left the shores of England and landed at South Beveland, in Holland, once more to attempt to wrest from France the fortresses which held secure to her the navigation of the Scheldt. A Russian and Prussian army had already crossed the Meuse, and a corps under Bulow, had even reached the neighbourhood of Antwerp, then, as now, one of the strongest cities in Europe. To combine with this corps was the object of the British commander, Sir Thomas Graham, and, accordingly early in the month of January, 1814, his division moved forward against the village of Merxem, which was attacked on the 13th, and carried after a severe struggle. The French fell back to Antwerp, but during the ensuing

night, Graham, not prepared to invest that city, abandoned Merxem, and it was only on the 1st February, after additional reinforcements had been received and a large Russian corps had reached the neighbourhood of Leige, that Merxem was finally taken, and Antwerp completely invested. Mortar batteries were soon constructed and a heavy bombardment opened upon the city and fleet; for the citadel was far too strong to attempt its reduction, except by regular advances. But on the very day which preceded this bombardment, there arrived within the threatened city a man whose genius, when exerted in the early days of the Republic, had gained him the title of "The organizer of victory." This was Carnot, who, after many years spent in retirement, now came forward at the crisis of his country's fate, to offer to the declining fortunes of Napoleon, that support which he had refused to him in the brighter days of his triumph.

The bombardment did but little damage, fires frequently broke out, but were as often extinguished, the ships of war were effectually preserved from harm, and at the end of three days many of the mortars had become useless, the shells had been expended, and the fire ceased. Bulow drew off his corps to co-operate with the allies in France, and Graham finding himself outnumbered, withdrew to the position which he had previously occupied in the neighbourhood of Bergen-op-zoom. Here a month passed away without any movement being made on either side. The cold was intense—frost had lasted many weeks, and the soldiers in their village cantonments suffered much from its severity. At length, on the 8th March, an event took

place which though unattended with success, is still memorable for the gallantry displayed in its execution, as well as in the causes which led to its ultimate failure—causes which are almost coincident with the celebrated attack upon the Redan, at Sebastopol, on the 8th September, 1855. This was the night assault upon the strong fortress of Bergen-op-zoom, a place long deemed impregnable, and, in truth, one of the most celebrated of the strongholds which the famous engineers of the eighteenth century had constructed upon the level plains of the Netherlands. To garrison the immense chain of works which defended Bergen-op-zoom would have required fully twelve thousand men; but at the period we speak of, every available soldier had been withdrawn to fight elsewhere; and a force of two thousand seven hundred Frenchmen under General Bizanet, held as best they could, this formidable fortress. The plan of assault projected by Graham was well conceived in all its details; by means of spies exact information was obtained as to the localities best suited to surprise; and the various preparations were carried on under such a complete veil of secrecy, that the French general and his garrison were in total ignorance of the intended attack, until the columns had actually opened fire upon the ramparts. The force destined for the assault was divided into four columns; the first, one thousand strong, under Lord Probie, had to attempt an escalade on the Antwerp side; the second, under Colonel Morrice, of the 69th, was to assault the bastion on the right of the water gate; another was to endeavour to enter by the mouth of the harbour, fordable at low water; while the fourth was to attack one

of the principal gates, in order to distract the attention of the enemy from the more vital points of escalade. It was about ten o'clock at night, a night of intense cold, when a loud musketry fire woke the echoes of the solid ramparts and startled the garrison from its fancied security. The column destined for the feint attack had reached the Steenberg gate, and finding the drawbridge raised, had opened fire upon the enemy; this fire and the loud shouts which the assailants purposely made, had the effect of drawing towards the Steenberg gate most of the French reserve, thus leaving the long line of ramparts almost unoccupied at a critical moment. Meantime the 69th, under Colonel Morrice, descended into the covered way, crossed the frozen ditch of the ravelin, and reached the edge of the main ditch in the vicinity of the Breda gate. But the opposite rampart was of immense height, the ditch beneath lay deep and dark, and the enemy here fully on the alert, poured down from above a heavy fire of grape and musketry. For a time the column strove in the darkness to cross the ditch and plant its ladders against the ramparts, but many fell under the fire. Colonel Morrice was himself struck down while in the act of cheering on his men, and the entire column was forced to retire to the shelter of the outer ravelin, which it had already crossed. Moving to its left, the 69th, commanded by Major Muttlebury, now approached under cover of the ravelin ditch, the place where the Guards, under Lord Probie, had already effected a lodgment almost unseen by the enemy. Mounting by the ladders which this first column had left standing, the regiment also reached the summit of the ramparts, and

from thence forming to the left, drove the enemy into the town. It was now about one o'clock, and Bergen-op-zoom seemed carried; some two thousand three hundred men had not only effected a lodgment upon the ramparts, but had also driven the enemy into the market-place, where they expected to surrender in the morning. It is probable that had daylight now dawned, success would have been complete, but many hours had yet to pass before the dawn, and during the last hours of darkness the cold had become unbearable upon the exposed and lofty ramparts; meantime the column which had first ascended, advanced from the ramparts to the town, but instead of keeping together in one body, the men separated into small detachments, some of which it is said broke into the spirit shops in search of liquor. The dawn of day revealed to the French general the scattered state of the British troops, and he determined upon another effort to save the fortress. Collecting together all his men, he fell upon the Guards with such determination, that they were soon thrown into confusion, and their retreat to the party on the ramparts almost cut off. The 69th and the 55th Regiments were now ordered to advance from the ramparts adjoining the Antwerp gate, with a view to cover the retreat of Lord Probie's brigade, but in doing so they became exposed to a murderous cross-fire in the narrow and intricate streets; and, although they succeeded in effecting the deliverance of the Guards, it was at the cost of their own safety, as both regiments were obliged to lay down their arms and surrender prisoners of war.

Thus, almost at the moment when success seemed assured, was lost through a strange fatality, the rich prize

of Bergen-op-zoom. The severe loss sustained by the division in killed, wounded, and prisoners, completely paralysed all further operations during the remainder of the campaign. On the 31st of March, Paris was surrendered to the allies, and at the close of hostilities the 69th was moved into the citadel of Antwerp, where it remained until the spring of the succeeding year.

CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

On the 1st March, 1815, the Emperor Napoleon landed at Cannes, from Elba, and within a week the lofty fabric which confederated Europe had built with so much treasure and cemented with so much blood, fell to pieces as easily as the walls of Jericho went down before the trumpets of Joshua.

Every nation flew to arms; state boundaries, booty quarrellings, even court etiquette, were alike forgotten, and all was made ready to oppose the "Corsican Usurper."

The Russians moved in two mighty columns from the Vistula; the Austrians crept up along the Danube; the Germans again marched to the Rhine; the Prussians spread from the Rhine to the Meuse; and one hundred thousand English, Dutch, Hanoverians, and Flemings, lay cantoned along the Sambre, from Courtrai to Quatre Bras.

During the early spring of 1815, the 69th Regiment had formed in succession portions of the garrisons of

Courtrai, Tournay, Ypres, and Ath, and the commencement of hostilities found it quartered near Soignes, the head-quarters of the 3rd or Alten's division of the allied army.

Before proceeding with a narrative of the fight at Quatre Bras, it will be necessary to glance at the movements which took place on the 15th June, upon which the events of the three following days completely turned. There can now be little doubt that the dispositions of the Prussian and British armies were not such as could effectually prevent the severance of their united centre from a rapid and well sustained attack. Prince Blucher looked to Namur and the line of the Meuse; the Duke of Wellington, to Mons and the line of Scheldt, and Charleroi, with its straight open road by Gosselins, and Quatre Bras, to Brussels, was comparatively forgotten by the allied commanders. This seems the more extraordinary when we consider that the Emperor's sole chance of success lay in his being able to cut asunder the communication of his adversaries; if he succeeded in doing so he somewhat equalized the odds against him; if he failed, he fought in a disparity of one to two.

While, therefore, Blucher at Namur, and the Duke at Brussels, looked to their *respective* centres as the expected points of attack, the French army was quickly massed along the Sambre, on the 13th and 14th of June, and at daybreak on the 15th, moving in three huge columns, it crossed the river and fell upon the Prussian right at Charleroi. At sunrise the whole line of the Prussian posts had been forced, and before noon Charleroi was carried, and Ziethen's corps of the Prussian army was in full

retreat upon Fleuris. Following up their success upon the Prussian right, a body of French cavalry attacked, later in the day, the extreme English left at the village of Frâsnes, on the central high road to Brussels. Late in the afternoon of the 15th, the news of these events reached the Duke of Wellington, at Brussels, and at once couriers were dispatched south and west to close towards the threatened left at Quatre Bras, the widely scattered regiments.

On the night of the 15th Napoleon had effected the first great object of his strategy—for although he had not severed the communications of Wellington and Blucher, he was nevertheless in a position to force an engagement with the Prussians, before the British could assist them. The morrow's work was to be simply this. With his centre and right massed together he was to attack the Prussians at Ligny; with his left, which he had detached eight miles to the west of Ligny, Ney was to assault everything in his front and carry the point of intersection of the two great roads, at the hamlet of Quatre Bras. Darkness saved Blucher from total overthrow. When the Cuirassiers of the Guard broke the Prussian centre, and trampled Blucher himself under their horses, the shadows of night had closed over the battle-field of Ligny, and the victorious columns had to bivouac on the ridge of Bussy. Nevertheless, Napoleon had done his work. Eight miles had intervened between the allied armies in the morning—sixteen lay between them at night—a great paved causeway had carried their communications at dawn; nothing remained to them at dusk but the narrow lines of country by-ways. Finding on the morning of the 17th,

that Ney had mistaken a single British division for the entire army, and had only discovered his error when it was too late to rectify it, Napoleon again put forth the strategy of the previous day, with this difference, however, that he now detached his right under Grouchy to pursue the defeated Prussians, while he himself closed his centre and left together at Quatre Bras, to follow the British along the road to Waterloo. It is singular that both French marshals should have fallen into similar errors. On the 16th, Ney mistook Picton's division for the whole British army, and amused himself by fighting a regular battle instead of carrying at all costs, the position of Quatre Bras. On the 18th, Grouchy mistook Thielemann's division for the whole Prussian army, and amused himself by fighting the battle of Wavre, instead of moving with all speed to Waterloo.

All through the night on the 15th, the towns and villages from Courtrai to Nivelles, rang with the trumpet calls and bugle sounds of their various garrisons, summoned hastily to the field, and the Duke himself hurried away from Brussels with the reserve to stem the advancing tide, and gain time for the concentration of at least a portion of his army. At one o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the courier from Brussels reached Soignes, and in less than an hour the 69th commenced its march for Braine le Comte, Nivelles, and Quatre Bras.

Five-and-twenty miles of hot and dusty road lay between it and the battle-field; and thirteen hours elapsed before the column heading east, from Nivelles, came in sight of the wood of Boissu, and the hard contested fight which was being waged amongst the undulating corn

fields, between Quatre Bras and Frâsnes. It was a critical moment for the British army, for the successive charges of the French cavalry and the incessant cannonade from the heights of Frâsnes, had caused fearful losses in the ranks of the 5th (Picton's division), which, until now, had alone borne the whole brunt of the attack. Halkett's brigade, to which the 69th was attached, bringing its left shoulders forward, moved down from the Nivelles road into that portion of the field which lay between the wood of Boissu and the Charleroi road. This battleground of Quatre Bras is literally a field; there are no walls, no hedge rows, no ditches—one unbroken succession of undulating plain stretches from the hamlet which marks the intersection of the Namur and Brussels road, to the little valley stream and orchards of Gemioncourt, and that point being gained, the ground again ascends in a series of undulating ridges to the village of Frâsnes.

Moving through the tall rye, which at that season of the year grew level with the shoulders of the men, the column reached the spot where the broken troops of Brunswick had long suffered from the deadly onslaughts of the French cavalry. To the left of the Charleroi road and scarcely five hundred yards from the head of the advancing column, Pack's brigade stood in mutilated squares upon the ridge overlooking Gemioncourt; it had long been sorely pressed, and so fearfully had it suffered from the fire of the skirmishers who lined the enclosures of the valley immediately beneath, that the regiments composing it had been formed into a single battalion. Pack seeing the approach of the new column from the direction of Quatre Bras, sent urgently requesting assis-

tance for his hard pressed men, and Halkett immediately detached the 69th from his brigade, with directions to Colonel Morrice to place himself under the orders of Sir Denis Pack. The 69th, taking ground to its left, therefore crossed the Charleroi road, and moving up to the support of Pack's brigade, halted in close column of companies in one of the hollows immediately behind the ridge which overlooks the farm of Gemioncourt.

"Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, before a horseman, galloping back from the front, brought information that the French cavalry were already in motion along both sides of the Charleroi road, and at the same instant the batteries lining the opposite heights opened a furious cannonade against the British position. To meet the coming storm, Colonel Morrice prepared to form square, but, while the formation was in the act of being carried out, another horseman rode up from the direction of Quatre Bras, and asked in a loud voice the object of the movement. "I am forming square," replied the colonel, "to resist cavalry." "There are none coming," answered the first speaker. "Deploy at once into line." He was a prince, and in that day princes, like kings, could do no wrong. So they proceeded to form line, just as the wild cannonade from the heights of Frâsnes sunk away into an ominous silence.

It was the calm before the tempest; suddenly the ridge in front grew dark with huge strait-sworded steel-clad horsemen, and through the tall and tangled rye there swept the 8th Cuirassiers of Kellerman's division. Before this rush of horses no men in line could stand. From right to left the regiment became a shapeless wreck, the

Cuirassiers swept on towards Quatre Bras, bearing with them a single colour, and one hundred and fifty dead and dying men remained amidst the blood-stained rye, to attest the impetuosity of French cavalry, and the imbecility of a Dutch Prince.”*

There is one name which shines brightly forth through the gloom of this disaster, and deserves to be specially recorded: a volunteer named Clarke, amidst the rush of cavalry, fought with such determination, that he succeeded in killing three Cuirassiers before he himself fell, covered with two-and-twenty sabre cuts; this man, notwithstanding his many wounds, survived the fight, and an Ensigncy in the 42nd Highlanders was given to him “as a recompense for his gallant conduct.” In 1831, just sixteen years after the fight of Quatre Bras, he died a subaltern officer in the 42nd Regiment. Sixteen years’ service and two-and-twenty sword cuts had sufficed to make him a lieutenant!

The history of Quatre Bras is one well known—Ney’s error and indecision in the early part of the day—the hard struggle until dark—the bivouac on the field—the retreat to Waterloo—all are matters of history, all are perhaps outside the legitimate bounds of our domain, and it is not without a feeling of diffidence and distrust that we approach such an oft debated and apparently well known subject as the campaign of Waterloo. Nevertheless, it must be entered upon, imperfectly perhaps, and with many shortcomings, but still necessary to the fulfilment of a task, to which it has been both a duty and a pleasure to undertake.

* “Rambles through Belgian Battle-fields.”

Not until ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, was the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny, known to the Duke of Wellington, and the orders to fall back on Mount St. Jean were immediately issued to the several divisions of the British army still in position at Quatre Bras. The third division was to cover the retreating columns and retired in echelon of brigades—Halkett's being the last to leave the field of battle. "It was a little before mid-day," says Siborne, "when the light troops of Alten's division began to retire. They occupied the advanced line, commencing from the southern extremity of the wood of Boissu on the right, extending along Gemioncourt and the enclosures of Piermont, and crossing the Namur road on the left, from which they gradually fell back upon Ompteda's brigade in a manner evincing admirable skill, steadiness, and regularity."

The 69th crossed the narrow stream of the Thy by the bridge of Waes-le-hutte to the west of Genappes. The afternoon was one of constant rain, from out the dense clouds vivid lightnings played over the moving masses, and the artillery of heaven seemed often to drown with its thunder, the roar of the field batteries beneath.

The long June afternoon was drawing to a close, when the army reached its position on the muddy ridge of Mont St. Jean in front of Waterloo. It still rained incessantly, and the tall rye, saturated by the wet, formed a dreary bivouac for the wearied, but not dispirited soldiers, as one by one the regiments reached their destination on the hill to the right and left of the great Brussels road. Through the night of the 17th, the rain descended in torrents, and the darkness was only

relieved by the lightning which continued to flash with little intermission over head—a fitting prelude to the day that was about to dawn.* Almost with the darkness the rain ceased, the dreary bivouacs were broken up and the

* "The night was so cold," says Colonel Cotter, "and the rain of the previous day had been so heavy, that the surface of the whole ridge upon which we lay was quickly converted into thin mud, through which we sank more than ankle deep. I preferred standing up and walking to and fro during the hours of darkness to lying upon such a bed. The night wore tediously away, and frequently during its later hours, while the sounds from either army met my ears, did I repeat the lines in which Shakspeare depicts the rival camps during the night before the battle of Agincourt :—

" ' From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,' &c. &c.

"Soon after daybreak, I was ordered to take my company up to the village of Waterloo, to mount guard over the inn occupied by the Duke of Wellington. As I passed with my men down the front of our line, the soldiers of the different brigades were busily engaged in drying, cleaning, and snapping off their fire-locks which had rusted during the night. Upon reaching the inn at Waterloo, I drew up in front of the house, and stood at ease for a few moments; shortly after, an A.D.C. came out and told me to return to the field, as the Duke was about to leave his quarters for the army. Almost immediately after my return, and while I was endeavouring to snatch a little rest upon some dry corn sheaves gathered on the way, the first gun was fired from La Belle Alliance.

"When the 69th had been formed in column, a commissariat waggon came up with a supply of rum for the men; with it came the quarter-master of the regiment, Matthew Stevens, the same who, eighteen years before at St. Vincent, had broken the stern gallery window of the San Nicholas, and led the way for Nelson to the quarter-deck of the Spanish vessel.

"When the rum had been half served out, a round shot struck the waggon, and carried off the head of one of the pioneers employed at it. 'Weel now,' said the quarter-master, 'it's about time for a peaceable non-combatant like me to gang awa.'"

whole ridge of Mont St. Jean seemed to move with the mass of men who quickly forgot the discomforts of the night in the excitement of the coming battle. Between the main Brussels road and the ridge overlooking Hougomont, but nearer to the first named place, Halkett's brigade of four British regiments, the second battalion 30th, the first battalion 33rd, second battalion 69th Regiment, and second battalion 73rd, was drawn up in two lines of contiguous columns, one obliquely behind the other, the 30th and 73rd forming the foremost line, and the 33rd and 69th the rearmost. These positions were slightly altered during the day, but only inasmuch as the several changes from line to square, and square to line rendered necessary. It is useless to attempt here a connected narrative of the great battle of Waterloo; volumes have been written upon it—volumes yet remain to be written; never has battle been so frequently discussed, and never perhaps might we add, has one been so little understood. We must content ourselves with only an outline, and that outline the events which took place in Halkett's brigade.

"On no point of the British line," says Creasy in his 'Fifteen Decisive battles of the World,' "was the pressure more severe than on Halkett's brigade in the right centre which was composed of the 30th, 33rd, 69th, and 73rd."

Singularly enough, the important part borne by this brigade during the entire day in the front line of battle, seems to have escaped the notice of one who has devoted much time and trouble to the details of almost every portion of this gigantic battle—we allude to Captain Siborne, whose history so frequently omits to mention this particular brigade, and yet by one fact, if by no other

can we estimate the part which these four regiments played during the memorable struggle. Deducting the losses at Quatre Bras, the effective strength of the fifth brigade amounted to nineteen hundred men, and out of that number, six hundred and seventy-nine fell during eight hours fight at Waterloo. There was no other loss which could be compared to this. The tenth brigade, it is true, had seven hundred and forty-six killed and wounded, but it went into action two thousand one hundred strong, and considerably more than half its total loss fell upon the 27th Regiment alone, which, out of six hundred and ninety-eight men, lost four hundred and eighty, having been almost blown to pieces when standing in square above the sand pit on the Charleroi road.

It was partly against Halkett's brigade that the fiercest onslaughts of Donzelot and Bachelu were made during the earlier hours of the struggle; it was to break the right centre of the allied army, that, that most magnificent body of cavalry, the Cuirassiers of the Guard, moved in these serried masses and charged with that impetuosity which drew, even from an enemy, the remark "By God! those fellows deserve Buonaparte, they fight so nobly for him."* It was in this division, that all through that long summer afternoon, death reaped, amongst the trampled barley, his heaviest harvest; and finally it was here that

* This remark was made in a letter, written by an officer of the Guards, named Churchill, who fought at Waterloo. In the same letter the following passage occurs:—"I had rather have fallen yesterday as a British infantry-man, or as a French Cuirassier, than die ten years hence in my bed." Many years afterward he fell in action at Gwalior, in India, on the 27th December, 1843.

the Imperial Guard made its last grand effort, when the Prussian shot was falling round La Belle Alliance, and the Grande Armée began at length to reel in the thickening twilight. This omission on the part of Captain Siborne has however been amply supplied by the publication of a journal, written by an officer who served at Waterloo in the 30th regiment, and from his narrative we glean an insight into the terrible scene which the space occupied by Halkett's brigade presented during the last hours of the battle. "When I reached Lloyd's abandoned guns," he says, "I stood near them for about a minute to contemplate the scene; it was grand beyond description; Hougomont and wood sent up a broad flame through the dark masses of smoke that overhung the field; beneath this cloud the French were indistinctly visible. Here a waving mass of long red feathers could be seen, there—gleams as from a sheet of steel, showed that the Cuirassiers were moving, four hundred cannon were belching forth fire and death on every side; the roaring and shouting were indistinguishably commixed, together they gave me an idea of a labouring volcano. Bodies of infantry and cavalry were pouring down on us, and it was time to leave contemplation, so I moved towards our columns which were standing up in square. Our regiment and the 73rd formed one, and the 33rd and 69th another; to our right beyond them were the Guards, and on our left the Hanoverian and German Legion of our division. In a few minutes after, the enemy's cavalry galloped up and crowned the crest of our position. Our guns were abandoned, and they formed between the two brigades about a hundred yards in our front. Their first charge

was magnificent. As soon as they quickened the trot into a gallop, the Cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like vizors, and they seemed cased in armour from the plume to the saddle. Not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards, when the word was given and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling, cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls; horses plunging and rearing in the agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted, part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder backing their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen. The main body re-formed in our front, and rapidly and gallantly repeated their attacks. In fact, from this time (about four o'clock) till near six, we had a constant repetition of these brave but unavailing charges. There was no difficulty in repulsing them, but our ammunition decreased alarmingly. At length an artillery waggon galloped up, emptied two or three casks of cartridges into the square, and we were all comfortable.

"The best cavalry is contemptible to a steady, and well supplied infantry regiment; even our men saw this, and began to pity the useless perseverance of their assailants, and as they advanced, would growl out 'Here come these fools again.' One of their superior officers tried a ruse-de-guerre by advancing and dropping his sword as though he surrendered; some of us were deceived by him, but Halkett ordered the men to fire, and he coolly retired saluting us. Their devotion was invincible. One officer

whom we had taken prisoner was asked what force Napoleon might have in the field, and replied with a smile of mingled derision and threatening 'Vous verrez beintôt sa force messieurs;' a private Cuirassier was wounded and dragged into the square, his only cry was 'Tuez donc, tuez, tuez moi, soldats,' and as one of our men dropped dead close to him, he seized his bayonet and forced it into his own neck, but this not despatching him he raised up his cuirass, and plunging the bayonet into his stomach kept working it about till he ceased to breathe.

"The enemy's cavalry were by this time nearly disposed of, and as they had discovered the inutility of their charges, they commenced annoying us by a spirited and well directed carbine fire. While we were employed in this manner it was impossible to see farther than the columns on our right and left; but I imagine most of the army was similarly situated; all the British and Germans were doing their duty. About six o'clock I perceived some artillery trotting up our hill which I knew by their caps to belong to the Imperial Guard. I had hardly mentioned this to a brother officer when two guns unlimbered within seventy paces of us, and by their first discharge of grape, blew seven men into the centre of the square. They immediately reloaded and kept up a constant and a destructive fire. It was noble to see our fellows fill up the gaps after every discharge."

From this narrative, it will be seen what the brigade, commanded by Sir Colin Halkett, suffered during the day. So closely packed together were the men composing it, so dense was the front, so limited the line of battle, that

the four regiments formed only two squares. As we have before stated, the loss sustained by the brigade was the heaviest in the British army; it was proportionately great amongst the officers, seventeen officers were killed thirty-nine wounded, making a total of fifty-six, a number very much in excess of that of any other brigade. This loss was caused principally by the shells from the French batteries bursting over head, and striking down upon the closely packed ranks. During the earlier part of the day, Colonel Morrice received a ball in the left shoulder, but he refused to quit the field, or even to dismount from his charger. Some of his officers perceiving the blood flowing freely down the breast of his coat, besought him to retire, but he answered them that he did not wish to leave the field alive; very shortly after a musket ball struck him in the centre of the forehead, and he dropped lifeless from his saddle into the arms of some officers who stood near him in the square. Then followed the ceaseless charges of the French cavalry; for hours, wave after wave rolled up the muddy incline, surged over the crest and swept against the squares which lined the inner slope of the ridge. The cavalry rolling back from the squares was the signal to the French batteries to commence their cannonade; the shells thrown with admirable precision, burst over head, causing wild havoc amidst the four-deep ranks, until the inside of the square became full of dead and dying men. At last there came a lull. The whole centre of the British line had fallen back; it was past seven o'clock in the evening, and yet the Prussian attack had been but feebly felt in support of the British left. La Haye

Sainte had fallen, and from its enclosures the French pushed clouds of skirmishers along both sides of the Brussels road. Nearly all the officers of Alten's division had been killed or wounded—the guns along the front were silent—the cavalry had almost been destroyed—then it was that over the crest, looming big, like giants through the smoke, came the leading columns of the French Imperial Guard—such a sight, at such a time, was enough to make the bravest waver in his courage. The 33rd and the 69th regiments were pushed forward by Sir Colin Halkett, to resist this coming onslaught, and to cover the left flank of Maitland's brigade of Guards. Full almost to the front came the right column of the Imperial Guard; it was composed of the old veteran troops, whose slow resistless march, had so often sealed the fate of empire. There were present the men of Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau; but never before had these men been called upon to make their grand final onslaught against such odds as they had now to contend with. More than an hour before, while they yet "stood at ease" on the slopes of La Belle Alliance, waiting the long expected moment to move forward, shot and shell had continued to drop amongst them from the extreme right of their position; none knew better the meaning of these stray messengers of death. The Prussians, at Planchenoit, on the right rear of the French line—the Young and Middle Guard, and Lobau's corps called off to resist this new army. It was then that the order to move forward was given to the Old Guard; they answered with a shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, and in two grand masses, the sole remnants of all, for after them there were no others left,

they moved against the British line. As they mounted the crest of Mont St. Jean, they stood face to face with the British regiments standing four-deep in line—only a few paces lay between them—but across that space they never passed. Maitland's Guards, standing four-deep, and with two ranks kneeling, poured into the ascending column a fire, the terrible effect of which is described as having rent the solid mass, and annihilated in an instant, three hundred of its foremost warriors. Then it was that a deployment was attempted, but all too late—volley after volley crashed into the struggling mass—guns served at pistol-range and loaded to the muzzle carried death from flank to flank, until at length, after standing for one moment on the ridge, the shattered mass seemed to reel slowly down the slope. Then over the whole darkening plain arose a cry amongst the scattered French divisions, which had never been heard before on field of battle; and a panic, for which it is difficult to find a parallel in modern history, spread through the struggling masses in the valley and on the slopes of La Belle Alliance. Then followed the general advance of the whole allied line; over the long contested ridge down into the valley, where the ranks of the Imperial Guard still stood in square, and where the Prussians came surging in dense dark masses from the left—on, up the slopes of Rossomme, until in the gathering darkness, the wearied red lines were halted, and lay down at length to rest. Far away to the south streamed the wreck of broken battle, guns, cavalry, infantry, mixed indiscriminately with baggage trains, upon which the unexhausted Prussians rode sabreing and shouting far into the night.

Well might those wearied red lines lie down to rest—their work was over—henceforth, there was no more for them to do. Other battles would fill the page of history; deeds of other men by Sutlej wave or Crimean fortress, would be taught to upgrowing generations—but never more through time, could history mark its page with tale so grand and thrilling, as that in which it tells, how the red lines held the ridge called Waterloo.

The night which succeeded Waterloo was fine, a young crescent moon threw its feeble light over the dead and dying, and enabled the prowlers and Prussians to plunder at their ease. Early next morning the officers of the 69th went back to the ridge of Mont St. Jean, to search amidst the piles of dead for the bodies of their fallen brethren;—it was no easy task—epaulettes had been torn off—bodies stripped naked; but at length from the piles of dead, the remains of five were collected and conveyed to the little garden of La Haye Sainte, which was the nearest inclosure to the place where they had fallen. Here they were laid in a hastily formed grave—a few prayers were read by one who still survives to speak of it, and an hour later the march to Paris commenced. On the evening of the 19th, the army bivouaced in and around Nivelles, crossed the French frontier on the 22nd, and entered Paris on the 7th July.

But little more remains to be told. From 1819 to the present date, an unbroken period of peace has passed over the regiment. Returning from India in 1826, after twenty years spent in almost every portion of the Madras Presidency, it experienced five years of home service before embarking for the West Indies, in 1831. Eleven

years later it returned from New Brunswick to the United Kingdom, again for a period of five years. In 1847 it embarked for Malta, and ten years afterwards returned once more from the West Indies to serve in England for six months. Seven years later, 1864, found it once more in England; and at the present moment, 1867, the order for foreign service may be almost monthly expected.

Thus it will be seen that since the year 1800, the 69th has served fifty-one years on foreign stations, and sixteen at home. The short but sanguinary Crimean war, found the regiment amidst the fever-stricken islands of the West Indies, condemned by the exigencies of that memorable period, to undergo a double tour of service in these unhealthy stations. The Indian mutiny following quickly upon the Russian campaign, seemed at first to promise a better chance of active service—sent with the greatest expedition overland to the East, it reached Madras only to hear the echoes of preparation for the despatch of the last columns to Central India; and the mighty game was being played out around Lucknow and Jansi, while the regiment was treading its weary way through the tangled wilderness of a Burman jungle.

Obedience is certainly the first duty of a soldier, but nevertheless it is difficult to repress a murmur of disappointment, when fate ordains that soldiering without service, is to be the lot of those who wish for better things. The few pages in which I have traced the history of the 69th Regiment, must here end. I cannot ask the reader to follow me into a narrative, which at best could only be a mere record of sailings and marchings, and all

the dull routine which constitutes in time of peace, the service of a soldier—nay more, I have not the heart to enter upon it myself. The great revolutionary epoch, by far the most memorable in the world's history—the varied struggle in the East—the lengthened service upon board vessels of war, such have been the subjects through which I have endeavoured to trace the history of my regiment. My work has been hastily and often imperfectly done, but nevertheless it has been done with a feeling of interest, which vanishes into nothing before the dull, hopeless level of long, peaceful years.

A P P E N D I X.

NELSON'S LETTER.

Lieutenant Pierson, of the 69th Regiment, informs me that he expects to be ordered on board the *Britannia*, there being but one subaltern there, and that Major Sanderson is to be embarked on board the *Agamemnon*, to which it would seem I could have no cause of objection.

But I think from a very particular circumstance, that Mr. Pierson will not be removed from me, and I hope Sir Hyde Parker will agree with me in the propriety of his staying here. Abstracted from my regard for him, as he was brought forward in the 69th Regiment under the auspices of Colonel Villette, and myself, having come to us at the siege of Bastia as a volunteer, from the Neapolitan service, and never having served with anyone but ourselves, yet this I should lay no stress upon were I not so particularly situated. We are likely, I hope, to have a numerous Neapolitan flotilla, which, of course, will be under my command. This officer was my A.-D.-C. to them last year, as well as to the Austrian generals. I will only suppose in an attack on the enemy's flank, that I want to send particular directions, I know of no person so qualified as Lieutenant Pierson to prevent misunderstanding and confusion in my orders, both from his acquaintance with the Neapolitan service, and his knowledge of the Italian language.

I am, etc., etc.,

(Signed)

HORATIO NELSON,

To Admiral Sir John Jervis,

Off Genoa,

7th April, 1796.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUT.-COLONEL ST. LEDGER,
TO THE SECRETARY OF GOVERNMENT.*10th February, 1809.*

I had the honor to convey to you this morning by express, a small note in pencil for the information of the Governor in Council, by which you were made acquainted with the satisfactory intelligence of the British flags being flying in every part of the Arambooly lines, as well as the commanding redoubts to the north and south. On consideration of the brilliancy of this achievement, I feel a pleasurable duty in detailing for the information of the Honorable the Governor, a list of the names of the officers who accompanied the detachment for escalade. It consisted of two companies of His Majesty's 69th Regiment, commanded by Capt. Syms, and five battalion companies from the 3rd Regiment (native infantry) under Captain Lucas; and it did not require that confirmation which Major Welsh has conveyed to me in the most handsome manner, to convince me that to have accomplished such an object, every man must have done his duty. In the list of gallant fellows which accompanies this despatch, I have to lament the fate of poor Captain Cunningham, H.M.'s 69th Regiment, whose wound I fear is mortal, which deprives his country of a brave and valuable officer. It would be injustice in me not to express the active services I received from Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, H.M.'s 69th Regiment; they were such as might be expected from an officer of his reputation and experience, in bringing forward the regiment in support of the attack with the most willing zeal.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ST.
LEDGER TO THE SECRETARY OF GOVERNMENT.

(Dated) Camp, 17th February, 1809.

I have the honor to inform you that in consequence of its being ascertained that a large force of the enemy had taken post at the villages of Kotar, and Nagra-Coil, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, H.M.'s 69th Regiment, of whose military judgment and gallantry I was well aware, to proceed in advance with the flank companies of H.M.'s 69th Regiment, the whole of the detachments from the 3rd Ceylon Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrice,* three troops of cavalry under Major Nuthall, and the flank companies of the 1st and 2nd battalions 3rd Regiment Native Infantry, and of the 1st battalion 13th Regiment Native Infantry, with a company of pioneers under Lieutenant Patterson, accompanied by a detachment of Royal Artillery under Captain Bates, &c., &c., forming in all a strong and lightly equipped detachment.

I cannot sufficiently dwell on the judgment displayed by Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod in the form of attack and gallantry of its execution, which must ever reflect the highest credit on himself, and on the detachment under his command.

The Governor in Council has particular satisfaction in observing the further proof of military skill and gallantry afforded by that distinguished and valuable officer, Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, of H.M.'s 69th Regiment, in the action of Kotar and Nagra-Coil, which has been followed by events of a highly important nature.

* Afterwards Colonel of the 69th—killed at Waterloo.

EXTRACTS FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KEATING'S
DESPATCH.*(Dated) Bourbon, 21st July, 1810.*

It now became necessary, if possible, to communicate with Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, the senior officer, with the detachment on shore, which, in landing, had the whole of their ammunition damaged, and lost a considerable number of arms. Lieutenant Folkstone, 69th Regiment, in a most handsome manner, volunteered to swim through the surf; his services were immediately accepted, and that officer accordingly conveyed my orders to the Lieutenant-Colonel to take possession of, and occupy St. Marias for the night. This service was performed by Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod in a masterly and officerlike manner.

The *Boadicea* and *Magicienne* frigates, having on board the remainder of the Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Clarges, dropped down to leeward, and the troops having landed at Grande Chaloupe, prosecuted a fatiguing march across the mountains leading to St. Denis, with two field pieces and a howitzer for the support of the 1st Brigade, which had been briskly engaged with the enemy. In the meantime a flag of truce came out from the town, when terms of capitulation were agreed on, and the Island surrendered to His Majesty's forces the succeeding day.

EXTRACT FROM MAJOR-GENERAL ABERCROMBY'S DESPATCH.

(Dated) Port Louis, 8th December, 1810.

During the course of this short service, the enemy has not afforded an opportunity to the army in general for displaying

the ardent zeal and animated courage with which every individual is inspired; but it is nevertheless my duty to represent to your lordship in the strongest terms the merits of every corps under my command. The officers and men, Europeans as well as native, have patiently and cheerfully submitted to the greatest fatigues and privations; during the advance of the enemy, the troops were unable for the space of twenty-four hours to procure a sufficient supply of water, but this trying circumstance did not produce a single murmur, or the smallest mark of discontent.

COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MAJOR SYMS.

Head Quarters, 27th August, 1811.

SIR,—In consequence of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, and previous wounds of Lieutenant-Colonel Clarges, I call upon you by desire of the Commander-in-Chief, to report officially, with the least possible delay, the proceedings of the column, which under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, yesterday morning attacked the enemy's position, and of which His Majesty's 69th Regiment formed the chief part, that he may be officially informed of the circumstances of its progress and ultimate success.

(Signed)

P. A. AGNEW,
Adjutant-General.

To Major Syms, or Officer Commanding
H.M.'s 69th Regiment.

Fort Cornelius, 27th August, 1811.

SIR,—In obedience to the orders of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief—this moment received—I hasten to acquaint you that the 69th Regiment, consisting of six companies, of about fifty men each, proceeded under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, to occupy the position pointed out to him by His Excellency, where we arrived about half-an-hour before the assault was made. Immediately on the firing commencing we advanced to the attack, under a very heavy fire, and in the space of twenty minutes, we found ourselves in possession of the enemy's left battery, on getting into which it was reported that by the unfortunate accident to Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, the command of the regiment had devolved on me: a detachment of Sepoys had previously arrived, which entered the battery with us. I immediately formed up the regiment and proceeded to support the attack of the post I now occupy, when meeting with Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, commanding the brigade, I was ordered to support His Majesty's 59th Regiment in Maishee, Cornelius: on passing that point my right flank was attacked, when I formed to that front, and drove the enemy into the river, where we made nearly 100 prisoners; we then proceeded to take possession of this part of the enemy's works, when again meeting Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, we were ordered to halt here, and in a few minutes the dragoons passed in pursuit of the enemy.

To Colonel Agnew,
Adjt.-Genl. to the army.

(Signed) WALTER SYMS,
Major, 69th Regiment.

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL ORDERS.

*Head Quarters of the army,**Wetteroreden, 29th August, 1811.*

The full success of the several attacks led by Colonel Wood, of the Bengal Native Infantry; of Lieutenant-Colonel W. McLeod, His Majesty's 69th Regiment, who fell in conducting his column with that distinguished gallantry which had ever marked his long career of active military service; and also of Major Yule, 20th Bengal Native Infantry, an attack only expected to divide and distract the attention of the enemy, is the best proof of the ability, energy, and zeal, with which these officers conducted the divisions entrusted to their direction.

Horse Guards, 24th June, 1818.

Sir,

I have the honor to acquaint you that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in the name and behalf of His Majesty, has been pleased to approve of the 69th Regiment being permitted to bear on its colours and appointments in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the regiment, the word "Java," in commemoration of the distinguished gallantry displayed by the regiment at the conquest of the island of Java, in the month of August, 1811.

(Signed)

H. CALVERT,

Officer Comg. 69th Regiment.

Adjutant-General.

Horse Guards, 7th March, 1818.

Sir,—I have the honor to acquaint you that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, has been pleased to approve of the 69th Regiment being permitted to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the regiment, the word "Waterloo," in commemoration of the gallantry displayed by the second battalion of the regiment at the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th June, 1815.

(Signed)

H. CALVERT,
Adjutant-General.

Officer Commanding
69th Regiment.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL GILLESPIE, HIS
MAJESTY'S 19TH DRAGOONS.

(Dated) July 20th, 1806.

Colonel Gillespie begs leave to state in a summary manner to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, the sentiments he entertains of the meritorious conduct of the troops under his command, as well as that of the remains of His Majesty's 69th Regiment, who composed the garrison of Vellore, on the 10th inst. To the officers of the 69th Regiment, who in the early part of the insurrection assembled their men to make head against the barbarous enemy, who were attacking them on all

sides, too much praise cannot be given ; and Colonel Gillespie has particularly to regret that the gallant exertions of Captains Barrow and McLachlan, Lieut. Mitchell, and other wounded officers, were too soon lost to the regiment, from those officers being unfortunately disabled so early in the day.

The remains of this valuable corps fought gallantly for several hours without an officer, and the Colonel begs leave to express his admiration at their undaunted resolution. Colonel Gillespie cannot help mentioning in terms of the highest approbation, Sergeant Brady, of the 69th Regiment, who so bravely followed him in the sally from the ramparts, and drove the enemy from their lurking places, previous to the charge of the cavalry.

GENERAL ORDERS BY GOVERNMENT.

2nd September, 1806.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council, having received from the Commander-in-Chief a particular report of the gallantry displayed by Sergeant McMannus and Private Philip Bottom, 69th Regiment, during the insurrection at Vellore, in pulling down the colors of the late Sultan of Mysore, from the flagstaff of that fortress, under a severe fire: His Lordship in Council is pleased to testify his approbation of their conduct by granting a reward of 50 pagodas to the sergeant, and twenty pagodas to the private.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES IN COUNCIL IN THE
MILITARY DEPARTMENT.*(Dated) 19th September, 1806.*

Resolved that the satisfaction expressed by the Commander-in-Chief, in regard to the conduct of the detachment of the 69th Regiment, stationed at Vellore, during the late insurrection in that garrison, be particularly noticed to the Honorable Court of Directors.

(A true Extract.)

(Signed) G. STRACHY,
SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT.

"FAREWELL ORDER,"

By MAJOR-GENERAL MACKIRDY, on his promotion in
North America, 1868.

Brantford, Upper Canada, 24th March, 1868.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS :—

No. 1.—Colonel Mackirdy having received official information of his promotion to the rank of Major-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Messiter will assume the command of the regiment from this date.

No. 2.—In taking leave of the 69th Regiment, in which he has served for 25 years, Colonel Mackirdy begs to tender to the officers of all ranks his best thanks for the cordial support which they have given him, as Commanding Officer, in maintaining the discipline and efficiency of the regiment; and to the Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers for the confidence and respect which they have uniformly shewn to him, as well as for their attention to their duties and general very good conduct.

No. 3.—In parting with a regiment which he has had the honor to command for nearly 15 years in all quarters of the globe, taking it from the West to the East Indies, and bringing it to North America, Colonel Mackirdy cannot but feel extreme regret; and in bidding farewell to this distinguished regiment, he wishes happiness and success to all.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE 69TH REGIMENT.

It will be recollected that, about a year since, H.M.S. Dauntless, now in the Baltic, was severely infected with fever, when nearly the whole of the crew and officers were prostrate by the disease; while a midshipman and one or two of the crew, who were free from the scourge, with the greatest difficulty navigated the ship into Barbadoes. Upon its arrival, the officers and men of the 34th and 69th Regiments stationed there, not only braved the dangers of contagion, but sacrificed their own personal comforts, and altogether devoted themselves in a truly noble spirit in assisting their maritime brethren in arms.

The officers of Her Majesty's Naval Service, Royal Marines, and Royal Marine Artillery, as soon as they heard of this devotedness, suggested that it would be in accordance with the general feeling of the service, that a sense of kindness shown by these regiments be testified by the presentation of a piece of plate to each of their messes, as a lasting memorial of their conduct on that occasion. The Commander-in-Chief, flag-officers, captains, and other officers of Her Majesty's ships at Portsmouth, having signified their approval of the above suggestion, a meeting was held at the Royal Naval College, on the 29th of June, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, K.C.B., in the chair—when a subscription was organised among the naval clubs; and the requisite funds having been raised, the plate has been executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.

We have engraved one of these testimonials—a characteristic composition, bearing upon its base a representation of the Dauntless.

One piece bears this inscription :—"Presented by the officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines to the officers of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment, in grateful remembrance of the unbounded kindness and generous aid afforded by them to the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Dauntless*, when suffering and disabled by yellow fever, at Barbadoes, in 1852."—*Illustrated London News*.

69TH REGIMENT.—A fine old veteran of the great war has gone to his rest. Colonel G. Sackville Cotter died on April 9th, near Port Maitland, on the north shore of Lake Erie, aged 86. He was one of those wonderful men who seemed to defy time. Sprung from a very old Irish family, which had given many of its scions to the service of the Crown, he entered the 69th (South Lincoln) Regiment sixty-seven years ago. In 1809 he was present with his regiment at the storming of the Travancorean Lines, near Cape Comorin, in Southern India. In 1812 he served on the staff of General Darrock, in Canada, only relinquishing his appointment of aide-de-camp to join his regiment, then cantoned on the Belgian frontier, awaiting the onslaught of the great Napoleon. He was one of those who stood amidst the fierce rush of Kellerman's Cuirassiers in the rye-fields of Quatre Bras. He commanded a company in the right face of Halkett's British square, in the front line at Waterloo—a square which held more dead and dying men within its living walls than any other on the muddy incline of Mount St. Jean. From the first shot to the last he stood with his company in that ever-lessening square, in which words of command were reduced to an almost incessant "Close up !" a command monotonously repeated until the curtain of evening descended upon the grandest scene yet played in the drama of history. As no mere boy, either, did he witness these events, but as one who in the flower of his manhood could read them

aright. After the close of the war he retired upon half-pay, and some years later settled in Western Canada. The troubles of 1837-8 found him raising and disciplining a body of men for the defence of the Canadian frontier. Once again, however, before his death was he destined to meet the old regiment of his earlier years. On the 18th June, 1868—exactly fifty-three years after Waterloo,—he stood once more amidst the ranks of the 69th, a marvellous link between the past and present. The last few months of his life were cheered by the associations which this event renewed. So one by one they all pass away—yet a little time and none will remain of whom men can say, “He fought at Waterloo.”

IN MEMORIAM.—COLONEL PERCIVAL FENWICK.

Madras, 5th March, 1863.

Not in the battle-front, midst leaden show'r,
And surge of myriads o'er the trampled sod,
Not in the glorious pride of victory's hour,
This soldier yielded up his soul to God.

Yet, what if Fate a battle couch denied him ;
And what if sounds of fight were wanting nigh ;
He did not need the cannon glare to guide him,
Nor dying men to teach him how to die.

Weep for the dead, but let no useless sorrow
Whisper his end might otherwise have come ;
No pomp of death can cheer that nightless morrow
Whose dawn is sounded on the muffled drum.

RETURN OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
DRUMMERS, AND PRIVATES OF THE 2ND BATTALION 69TH
REGIMENT WHO WERE PRESENT IN THE BATTLES OF THE
15TH, 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH JUNE LAST (1815), AND
OF THE MEN WHO WERE KILLED IN ACTION, OR DIED
OF WOUNDS RECEIVED.

Rank and Names.		Remarks.
Colonel by Brevet	Charles Morrice.....	Killed in action, 18th June.
Lieut.-Col. by Brevet	George Muttlebury ...	
Major by Brevet	Lewis Watson.....	
"	Henry Lindsay	{ Deputy-Assist. Adjutant- Gen., killed in action, 18th June.
Captain	John Leslie.....	
"	Hon. Wm. Curzon	
"	George S. Cotter	Killed in action, 18th June.
"	Charles Cuyler	
"	Benjamin Hobhouse ...	
"	G. H. Barlow	"
"	Robert Blackwood ...	
Paymaster	Philip Vyvian.....	
Surgeon	Clement Banks	{ Wounded severely in the head at Quatre Bras.
Lieutenant	W. H. Harrison	
"	Roger Franklin	
"	Stephen Parker	Killed in action, 18th June.
"	Brook Pigot	
"	Christopher Busteed...	
"	Neil Roy	"
"	C. W. Ingle	
"	Joseph Hill.....	
"	C. L. Dickson.....	Killed in action, 18th June.
"	E. M. Wightwick	
"	Joseph Deighton	
"	John Stewart	"
"	Henry Anderson	
Ensign	Edward Hodder	
"	William Bartlett	"
"	Charles Seward	
"	H. D. Keith	
"	G. S. H. Ainslie.....	Died of wounds.
Adjutant	Henry Oldershaw	
Quarter-Master	Matthew Stevens	
Assistant-Surgeon	James Bartlett	Killed in action.
Sergeant	Samuel Anderson	
"	Patrick Flynn	
"	George Hutchinson ...	"
"	James Logie	
"	Samuel Lovett	
Corporal	Thomas Chad	Killed in action.
"	James Cunningham ...	

Rank and Names.		Remarks.
Corporal	Peter Kehoe	Died of wounds.
"	William Marton	Killed in action.
Private	Goulding Argent	Died of wounds.
"	Joseph Baird	"
"	William Baker	Killed in action.
"	John Barker	"
"	Thomas Bury	"
"	John Brewster	"
"	John Burn	"
"	William Burton	Died of wounds.
"	James Carter	"
"	James Cleen	Killed in action.
"	Alexander Clinton	Died of wounds.
"	William Coochley	Killed in action.
"	Joseph Cooke	Died of wounds.
"	Thomas Cooper	"
"	George Crabb	Killed in action.
"	Michael Crinigan	"
"	William Croagh	Died of wounds.
"	Stephen Deane	Killed in action.
"	Robert Ellis	"
"	John Evans	"
"	William Fuller	"
"	John Goodruin	Died of wounds.
"	James Gordon	Killed in action.
"	Nathaniel Grover	Died of wounds.
"	George Hammond	Killed in action.
"	John Itch	"
"	John Holohan	"
"	Samuel Horton	"
"	Thomas Johnson	"
"	John Jones	"
"	John Kelly	"
"	Richard Kemp	Died of wounds.
"	John Langley	Killed in action.
"	William M'Gill	Died of wounds.
"	John M'Kenna	Killed in action.
"	Alexander Maitland	"
"	John Maxwell	Died of wounds.
"	James Nowlan	Killed in action.
"	Robert Ormandy	Died of wounds.
"	Sharp Preston	Killed in action.
"	John Robb	"
"	George Ruston	"
"	Robert Scarlett	"
"	Robert Senty	Died of wounds.
"	Alexander Snell	Killed in action.
"	Joseph Sutton	Died of wounds.
"	Thomas Ward	"
"	William Watkins	Killed in action.
"	William Watham	"
"	Richard Winstanly	Died of wounds.
"	John Wood	Killed in action.

SUCCESSION OF COLONELS OF 69th REGIMENT:—

Names.	Appointed.	By what means.
Hon. C. Colville	- 1756	
Hon. P. Sherrard	- 1775	
Ralph Abercromby	- 1790	
Henry Powell	- 1782	
Sir C. Cuyler, Bart.	20th June, 1794	Vice Abercromby, Deceased, March, 1819
William Carr—Ld. } Beresford - }	11th March, 1819	Vice Sir C. Cuyler, appointed to 16th Foot
Sir J. Hamilton, Bt.	15th March, 1823	Vice Lord Beresford, Deceased, Dec., 1835
John Vincent	- 2nd Jan., 1836	Vice Hamilton, Deceased 2nd February, 1848
Sir R. Darling, G.C.H.	2nd Feb., 1848	Vice Vincent, Deceased
E. F. Gascoigne	- 3rd April, 1858	Vice Sir R. Darling.

SUCCESSION OF LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Thomas Brisbane*	- 1801	Retired on half-pay in September, 1805
A. McLeod	- 21st Feb., 1805	Killed in Action at Java, 26th August, 1811
Thomas Browne	- 30th May, 1805	Promoted to Maj.-Genl., 4th June, 1813
Archd. Campbell	- 27th Aug., 1805	Exchanged with Lieut.-Colonel McLeod
Ralph Darling	- 8th May, 1806	Exchanged with Lieut.-Colonel Nightingale
Miles Nightingale	-	Promoted to Maj.-Genl., 25th July, 1810
Phineas Riall	- 27th May, 1810	Promoted to Maj.-Genl., 4th June, 1813

* Founder of the Colony of Queensland, in Australia.

Names.	Appointed.	By what means.
Walter Symms	- 27th Aug., 1811	Exchanged to 80th Foot with Lieut.-Col. Sturt
Charles Morrice	- 4th June, 1813	Killed in Action at Waterloo, 18th June, 1815
Price Robins	- 4th June, 1813	Deceased at Bangalore, 26th Dec., 1816
G. Muttlebury, C.B.	10th Aug., 1815	Placed on half-pay 1st October, 1816
" "	- 3rd July, 1817	Retired from the service, 3rd October, 1826
John A. Sturt	- 11th Dec., 1817	Retired, selling his commission, 31st Dec. 1818
Henry D. Douespe	- 1st Jan., 1819	Deceased at Bangalore, 19th April, 1820
Charles Bruce, C.B.	29th March, 1821	To half-pay, 25th April, 1826
Sir C. Cuyler, Bart.	3rd October, 1826	Retired from the service, 2nd October, 1835
Eaton Monnins	- 2nd October, 1835	To half-pay unattached, November, 1848
William Blackburne	3rd Sept., 1848	To half-pay unattached, 10th Nov., 1848
" "	- 9th Nov., 1846	Colonel in the Army
C. J. Coote	- 10th Nov., 1848	Exchanged to 18th Reg., 2nd October, 1849
F. W. Dillon	- 2nd Oct., 1849	Retired from the service
J. W. L. Paxton	- 22nd Feb., 1850	Deceased at Trinidad, W.I., 23rd Aug., 1853
D. E. Mackirdy	- 25th Aug., 1853 28th Nov., 1854	Colonel in the army
E. Hickey	-	
P. Fenwick	- 22nd April, 1859	Deceased at Madras, 5th March, 1853.
J. H. Messiter	-	Retired on full pay.
G. Bagot	- January, 1869	Now commanding

SUCCESSION OF MAJORS.

Names.	Appointed.	By what means.
Clarges, Christopher,	9th July, 1803	Died of wounds received in Java, 22nd Aug. 1811
Coates, John R.	- 9th July, 1803	Deceased at the Isle of Bourbon, 8th Oct. 1810
Syms, Walter	- 9th Aug., 1810	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel in the Regiment, 27th August, 1811
Robbins Price	- 1st Nov., 1810	Ditto 4th June, 1813
Muttlebury, George	- 28th Nov., 1811	Ditto 10th Aug., 1815
Douespe, Henry	- 10th June, 1812	Ditto 1st Jan., 1819
Barrow, C. James	- 11th June, 1812	Promoted to the half-pay 43rd Regiment, 29th August, 1822
Leslie, John	- 1st Jan., 1819	Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel unattached, 29th August, 1826
McLachlan, A.	- 4th June, 1813	Placed on half-pay, 24th September. 1816
Watson, Lewis	- 10th Aug., 1815	Lieut.-Colonel, 18th July 1815, placed on half-pay, 1st Oct., 1816
Cuyler, Sir C., Bart.	29th Aug., 1822	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. in the Regiment, 3rd October, 1826
Lowrie, Charles	- 29th Aug., 1826	To half-pay, 20th Nov., 1828
Peel, Jonathan	- 3rd October, 1826	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel 53rd Foot, 21st June, 1827
Downing, Isaac	- 21st June, 1827	To half-pay, 20th March, 1828
Gillman, Henry	- 20th March, 1828	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. in the Regiment, 26th October, 1830

Names.	Appointed.	By what means.
Hay, Lord Edward	- 21st Nov., 1828	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. unattached, 26th April 1831
Monnins, Eaton	- 19th Nov., 1830	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. in the Regiment, 2nd October, 1835
Johns, Robert	- 26th April, 1831	Retired from the service, 3rd May, 1831
Brookes, Robert	- 3rd May, 1831	To Lieut.-Col. unattached 19th May, 1846
Ogilvy, Walter	- 2nd Oct., 1835	Exchanged to half-pay, 20th Nov., 1835
Bentinck, Lord G.	- 20th Nov., 1835	Retired from the service, 4th December, 1835
Hill, William Noel	- 4th Dec., 1835	Exchanged to the half-pay, 30th Oct., 1848
Barton, H. W.	- 30th Oct., 1840	Retired from the service, 30th October
Bourne, William	- 30th Oct., 1840	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. on formation of reserve battalion
Callaghan, McCarthy, 23rd Nov., 1841		
Brackenbury, B. Sir E.	19th May, 1846	Retired from the service, 19th May, 1846
Thomas, Bt., Sir E. S.	„ „	Retired from the service, 14th June, 1850
Coote, Chas. James	3rd Sept., 1847	To Lieut.-Col., 10th Nov., 1848, vice D'Este
Paxton, J. W. L.	- 10th Nov., 1848	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel 22nd February, 1850
Mackirdy, D. E.	- 22nd Feb., 1850	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel 25th August, 1853
Cole, A. L.	- 4th June, 1850	Exchanged to 17th Foot
Bourchier, L. C.	- 5th March, 1852	Exchanged to 75th Foot
Law, C. F.	- 25th Aug., 1853	Retired from the service

Names.	Appointed.	By what means.
Hickey, E.	- 1st June, 1849 10th Nov., 1854	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel 17th Nov., 1857
Fenwick, P.	- 20th June, 1857	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel 22nd April, 1859
Edgar, J. H.	- 17th Nov., 1857	Retired 4th Nov., 1864
Hankey, A. B.	- 22nd April, 1859	Exchanged to 83rd Foot
Heatly, J.	- 16th Feb., 1860	Retired on full pay, 9th October, 1863
Messiter, G. H.	- 9th Oct., 1863	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel, 1868.
Bowen, E.	- 4th Nov., 1864	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel on half-pay, 1st April, 1866
Bagot, G.	- 17th July, 1866	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel, 1869
Blood, F. G.	-	Retired from Service
Smyth, J.	- 1868	
Turner, H. S.	- 1869	

STATEMENT OF THE SERVICES OF THE 69TH REGIMENT.

Year.	Station, &c.	Remarks.
1756	Great Britain.	
1769	America.	
1774	Gibraltar.	
1778	St. Lucia and St. Kitts, W.I.	
1782	On board Lord Rodney's fleet.	
1785 } to }	Ireland.	
1793 } 1794 }	Toulon.	
1795 } 1796 }	Corsica,	
1796 } 1797 }	St. Domingo, W.I.	
1797 } 1798 }	Battle of St. Vincent.	Detachment of the Regiment
1798 } 1799 }	St. Domingo, W.I.	
1799 } 1800 }	Holland.	
1800 } to }	Jamaica, W.I.	
1803 } 1804 }	England.	Reserve Battalion, Jersey.
1804 } 1805 }	India.	
1805 } and }	Vellore.	Detachment of the Regiment.
1806 } to }		
1810	{ Trichinopoly, Travancore, Wal-	
1810		laghabad, Fort St. George.
1810	Bourbon Expedition.	
1810	Mauritius.	
1811	Java.	
1812	Goa.	
1813	Tellacherry, Seringapatam.	
1814	Bellary.	Detachment of the Regiment
1815	Hyderabad.	
1816	Gooty and Kurnool.	
1817	Maharatta War.	
1818	Bangalore.	Head-quarters.
1819	Cannanore.	
1820 } to }	"	"
1823 }	"	
2nd Batt.		
1813	Holland.	
1814	Bergen-op-Zoom.	
1815	Quatre Bras.	
1815	Waterloo.	
1816	England.	

Year.	Station, &c.	Remarks.
1823	Wallaghabad.	
1824	Madras, St. Thomas' Mount.	
1825	Wallaghabad, Fort St. George.	
1826	Arrived in England.	
1826	Ile of Wight.	
1827	Portsmouth.	
1827	London (Tower).	
1827	Ireland (Dublin and Mullingar).	
1828	" (Castlebar).	
1829	" (Athlone).	
1830	" (Dublin).	
1830	" (Cork).	
1831	West Indies.	
to		
1834		
1835	Demerera.	
to		
1838		
1838	West Indies.	
1839	Halifax, Nova Scotia.	
1839	St. John's, New Brunswick.	
to		
1841		
1841	Fredericton, New Brunswick.	
1842	Halifax, Nova Scotia.	
1842	Ireland (Fermoy and Cork).	
1842	" (Dublin).	
1843	" (Mullingar).	
1843	" (Castlebar).	
1844	" (Galway).	
1845	" (Templemore).	
1845	" (Dublin).	
1845	England (Canterbury).	
1845	" (Weedon).	
1846	" (Leeds).	
1846	" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).	
1846	" (Manchester).	
1847	Malta.	
to		
1851		
1851	West Indies (Antigua).	
1852	" (Barbadoes).	
1853	" (Trinidad).	
1854	" "	
1854	" (Barbadoes).	
1855	" " *	
to		
1857		

* In the year 1857 the 69th served in America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, in the short space of twelve months.

Year.	Station, &c.	Remarks.
1857	England.	
1857	India (Madras).	
1858	Burmah (Rangoon).	
1858 } to {	„ (Tonghoo).	{ Three companies, Neilgherry Hills.
1862 } to {	India (Madras).	
1864 } to {	England (Gosport).	
1864	„ (Aldershot).	
1865	„ (Channel Islands).	
1866	Ireland (Curragh).	
1867	Embarked at Dublin for Canada.	
1867	Canada West.	
1868 { 1869 {	Brantford and London. C.W. Montreal and Quebec. C.E.	

1759.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Hon. Chas. Colville...	April 23, 1758	
Lieut.-Colonel.	John Browne	April 24, "	
Major.....	Edward Martin	April 22, "	
	Aaron Clayton	Aug. 27, 1756	
	Benjamin Bromhead	Aug. 29, "	
Captain	Peter Boileau	Aug. 31, "	
	G. Montagu Martin	Sept. 2, "	
	Ralph Hougham.....	April 30, 1759	
Capt.-Lieut. ...	Charles Chapman ...	May 1, "	
	Thomas Blunt.....	May 14, "	
	Valentine Green.....	Sept. 17, 1756	
	Abraham Scott	Sept. 18, "	
	Philip Bagge	Sept. 25, 1757	
	James Paterson	Sept. 26, "	
	John Bowes Beason.	Sept. 27, "	
	John Jeffer	Sept. 28, "	
	Thomas Horton	Sept. 29, "	
	John Moore Travers	Oct. 1, "	
Lieutenant...	John Bromhead ...	Oct. 3, "	
	Edmund Stamford...	Oct. 6, "	
	Henry Caldwell	Oct. 7, "	
	Joseph Lovell	Jan. 26, 1758	
	John Wall	May 14, 1759	
	William Jackson ...	May 15, "	
	Charles Hord	May 16, "	
	Thomas Milner	May 17, "	
	Charles Hawker.....	May 18, "	
	James Johnson	May 19, "	
	Daniel Houghton ...	Oct. 14, 1758	
	Alexander Duff	May 14, 1759	
Ensign	James Rooke	May 15, "	
	Andrew Young	May 16, "	
	Jas. Bailey Mackenzie	May 18, "	
	Norman McLeod ...	May 19, "	
Chaplain	Andrew Cheap	Feb. 13, "	
Adjutant	Abraham Scott	Oct. 14, 1758	
Quarter-Master	John Mackee	Oct. 14, "	
Surgeon.....	William Morrison ...	Sept. 24, 1759	

Agent—MR. CALCRAFT, Channel Row, Westminster.

LIST OF THE 69TH REGIMENT IN 1763.

69TH COLVILLE'S FOOT.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Peter Chester.

*Captains.*Aaron Clayton
Benj. BromheadPeter Boileau
George Montagu
MartinRalph Houghton
Thomas Blunt.*Captain and Lieutenant.*

Philip Baggs.

*Lieutenants.*Valentine Green
Abraham Scott
James Patterson
John Jeffer
Thomas Horton
J. Moore TraversJohn Bromhead
John Wall
Charles Hord
Thomas Miller
Daniel Houghton
Andrew RossNorman McLeod
John Thompson
Alexander Blair
George Stoney
William Chester.*Ensigns.*Henry Atkinson
William Scott
John HaddenWilliam Patterson
Christ. Teesdale
John BiggsJames Campbell
— Wood.*Chaplain.*

William Chester.

Quarter-Master.

John Mackie.

Adjutant.

Abraham Scott.

Surgeon.

Robert Webb.

1769.

Colonel.

Charles Colville.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Theophilus Clements.

Major.

Benjamin Bromhead.

*Captains.*Philip Baggs
— MilwardWilliam Yorke
Charles LyonsJohn Bromhead
William Chester.*Captain and Lieutenant.*

James Patterson.

*Lieutenants.*John Wall
Daniel Houghton
John ThompsonAlexander Blair
James Campbell
Alex. MackayG. R. Fitzgerald*
John Woodroffe
Benj. Wentropp.*Ensigns.*William Paterson
John Hanshaw
Patrick MooreThomas Money
Thomas Loyd
Joseph HoultonArchibald Campbell
bell
Allen Bright.*Chaplain.*

Stephen Baggs.

Quarter-Master.

John Mackie.

Adjutant.

William Patterson.

Surgeon.

Richard Monnington.

STATIONED IN AMERICA.

* Afterwards the celebrated fighting "Fitzgerald," of duelling notoriety.

1780.

Colonel.

The Hon. Philip Sherrard.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Philip Skeene.

Major.

— Yorke.

*Captains.*Charles Lyons
William Chester
John ThompsonJames Campbell
Alexander Mackey
John HawkshawThomas Murray
William Patterson
Patrick Moore.*Captain and Lieutenant.*

Archibald Campbell.

*Lieutenants.*John Keer
Alex. Anderson
Paul Colville Castle-
maine
John CunninghamArthur Leith
Robert Chilton
John Brown
David Lindsay
George GordonGeorge Segard
— Castlemaine
Henry Martin
John Clark.*Ensigns.*Donald Robertson
Robert Amery
John F. Hutchison
Hyacinth CroftonJohn Nasmyth
Thomas Smith
Norton Chas. Mar-
hilleRobert Kelso
— Chambers
Ebenezer Mussle.*Chaplain.*

Robert Holmes.

Quarter-Master.

John Allan.

Adjutant.

Arthur Leith.

Surgeon.

Henry Portsmouth.

1790.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Hon. Philip Sherard	Sept. 8, 1775	{ Lieut.-General, Aug. 29, 1777. Lieut.-Colonel, Nov. 20, 1782.
Lieut.-Colonel.	Matthew Johnston...	Nov. 3, 1787	
Major.....	William Yorke	June 24, 1777	
Captain	Alexander Mackay...	June 25, "	Dec. 8, 1785.
	Archibald Campbell.	May 10, 1780	
	Alexander Anderson	Oct. 31, "	
	Arthur Leith	May 23, 1782	
	Peter Mair	May 11, 1785	
	George Legard	Aug. 27, "	
Capt.-Lieut.. and Captain }	John Gaskill	Dec. 20, 1787	June 1.
	John Castleman.....	Aug. 31, 1788	
	John Clarke	May 18, 1780	
	Donald Robertson ...	July 14, "	
	Norton C. Martelle .	Oct. 17, 1781	
	Hyacinth Crofton ...	Jan. 28, 1782	
Lieutenant...	Richard O'Doherty .	Feb. 9, 1785	May 14, 1781.
	James Richardson ...	March 2, "	
	John Nasmyth	June 25, "	
	Gabriel Thompson...	Aug. 27, "	
	Henry Hart	July 31, 1781	
	Andrew Macneven...	Feb. 28, 1788	
Ensign	Hugh Jos. Hanford .	Aug. 31, "	Feb. 5, 1771.
	James Rich Coates .	March 2, 1785	
	John Robert Lyons .	Aug. 27, "	
	Thomas Hay	Aug. 27, "	
	Cabel Chute	Sept. 30, "	
	John M. Cintock ...	April 30, 1787	
Chaplain	James Cockbourne...	July 31, "	June 24, 1783.
	William Battley.....	Aug. 31, 1788	
	John Gill	June 25, 1789	
	Robert Holmes	May 20, 1778	
	Thomas Hay	July 31, 1789	
	John Allen	Aug. 13, 1779	
Surgeon.....	Thomas Sandon	Nov. 8, 1780	

Agents—MESSRS. WYBRANTS & SON, Dublin.

69TH (OR THE SOUTH LINCOLNSHIRE) REGIMENT OF FOOT.—1799.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Cornelius Cuyler.....	June 20, 1794.	{ Lt-Gen., Jan. 1, 1798.
Lieut.-Col.	William Atkinson ...	July 1, 1796	{ Lt-Col., Sept. 9, 1797.
	Alex. Saunderson....	March 30, 1797	
Major	Richard O'Dogherty.	July 21, 1796	
	Pinfon Bonham	March 30, 1797	
Captain	Alexander Mackay..	June 25, 1777	Col., Jan. 26, 1797
	J— Killigrew Dunbar	Oct. 3, 1792	
	James Richd. Coates	Feb. 28, 1793	
	John Robert Lyons..	March 1, 1794	
	Caleb Chute.....	"	
	John M'Clintock.....	March 29, 1795	
	William Battely	Oct. 5, "	
	Cornelius Cuyler.....	June 22, 1796	May 8, 1796.
	Price Robbins.....	May 27, 1797	
	John Bake.....	Dec. 7, "	
Capt.-Lieut. and Captain	John Edward Lee. ...	Dec. 20, 1798	
	Thomas Palmer	May 4, 1798	
	Dudley Henley.....	June 24, 1795	Aug. 22, 1794.
	John Corry	July 1, "	Dec. 11, "
	Henry Irwin.....	July 29, "	
	William Harris.....	Aug. 24, "	Sept. 6, "
	C— J— Barrow	Sept. 6, "	
	Peter Jordan	June 17, 1796	Nov. 12, "
	William Davis.....	June 30, "	Nov. 26, "
	John Hastings Mair.	July 21, "	
Lieutenant	Aaron Warlock.....	Dec. 9, "	
	George Hewitson.....	Jan. 20, 1797	
	Peter O'Hare.....	Feb. 9, "	
	A. Legertwood.....	March 16, "	
	George Odium.....	Aug. 20, "	
	Barnabus Atkinson..	Sept. 7, "	
	James Bungey.....	Aug. 29, 1798	Oct. 25, 1797.
	Mark Prager.....	Dec. 6, "	
	Thomas White.....	"	
	Christopher Wilson..	"	
Ensign	James Walker.....		
	Angus MacLachlan..		
	George Billings	Dec. 9, 1795	
	— Sims.....	July 1, 1796	
	R— Lacon.....	May 3, 1797	
	— Durham.....	Sept. 7, "	
	Alexander Shaw.....	Nov. 2, "	
	George Cooper.....	Feb. 28, 1798	
	Fra. Nicholas Roffi...		
	William Carroll.....		
Paymaster	Richard McNally....	Nov. 7, 1797	
Adjutant	Henry Irwin.....	Aug. 7, "	
Quarter-Master	Alex. Cruikshanks...	June 27, 1796	
Surgeon	— Chadwick.....		
Assist.-Surgeon	— Grant.....		

1809.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Cornelius Cuyler ...	June 30, 1794	Gen., Sep. 25, 1803.
	William Macleod ...	Feb. 21, 1805	Jan. 12, 1805.
Lieut.-Col.	Thomas Browne.....	May 30, ,,	March 29, 1801.
	Miles Nightingale ...	May 8, 1806	Col., Sep. 25, 1803.
	Pinson Bonham	Mar. 30, 1797	Col., Oct. 30, 1805.
Major	Christopher Clarges.	July 9, 1803	Lt.-Col., Apr. 25, 1808.
	Jas. Richard Coates	" "	April 29, 1802.
	James Stuart	April 7, 1807	Lt.-Col., Oct. 2, 1806.
	Price Robbins.....	May 17, 1797	
	George Muttiebury .	Dec. 5, 1802	Feb. 21, 1798.
	Henry de la Douespe	Dec. 25, ,,	May 21, 1801.
	C. J. Barrow	" "	
	Walter Symes	June 25, 1803	
	William Barstow ...	July 9, ,,	Major, Apr. 25, 1808.
	Archd. McLachlan .	" "	Dec. 1, 1797.
	J. Lewis Watson ...	" "	May 16, 1801.
	Henry Lindsay	" "	
Captain ...	A. N. Cunningham .	" "	
	Patrick Ross	Dec. 22, ,,	
	Angus McLachlan ...	Nov. 6, 1804	
	Richard Vyvian	Mar. 9, 1805	Sep. 17, 1803.
	William Neill.....	May 1, 1806	
	W. Ed. FitzThomas	Oct. 2, ,,	
	J. A. Gibson	Dec. 25, ,,	
	George Snow	Jan. 15, 1807	Oct 31, 1805.
	William Carroll	Sep. 17, ,,	
	Thomas Magennis .	Sep. 25, ,,	
	Alexander Rattray .	Sep. 29, 1808	
	James Bissett.....	Apr. 27, 1803	
	Robert Carey	June 25, ,,	
	W. A. Hipkins	July 9, ,,	May 14, 1800.
	Thos. P. Mitchell ...	" "	April 5, 1801.
	Matthew Gunning...	" "	Sep. 4, 1807.
	George Lane	" "	Sep. 24, 1802.
	Wm. Newton Covell	" "	
	J. H. Holland	Oct. 22, ,,	Adj't., Jan. 22, 1801.
	James M'Mahon ...	Oct. 31, ,,	Adjutant.
	Lewis Baley	Dec. 20, ,,	April 3, 1801.
Lieutenant	A. Dapoon Baly ...	Dec. 21, ,,	May 14, 1801.
	Charles Lawrie	July 14, 1804	
	G. Sackville Cotter .	Dec. 29, ,,	
	Edward Maundell ...	Feb. 5, 1805	
	George Yule	Feb. 6, ,,	
	Isaac Downing	Mar. 21, ,,	
	Matthew Jenour.....	Jan. 2, 1806	
	W. Hamilton Webb	Jan. 5, ,,	

1809 (continued).

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Lieutenant	Robert Baker	May 22, 1806	Feb. 21, 1804.
	Duncan M'Pherson .	Feb. 1, 1807	
	George Woods	Mar. 19, "	
	Charles E. Freeman	Nov. 20, "	
	H. Saffield	Dec. 25, "	
	John Reed	Jan. 25, 1808	
	Alexander Alexander	Jan. 26, "	Aug. 3, 1805.
	William Harrison ...	Jan. 27, "	
	William Norton	Jan. 28, "	
	James Carroll	May 19, "	
	John Leslie	June 2, "	
	James Kennedy	July 7, "	
	John Caham	Aug. 25, "	
	George Robertson ...	Sep. 23, "	
	John Foulstone	Sep. 29, "	
	Thomas Nadold	Nov. 25, "	
	Thomas Hinton	Feb. 2, 1809	
Ensign ...	Jasper Allen	Oct. 25, 1803	Lieut., Oct. 31, 1803. Lieut., Jan. 22, 1801.
	Peter Brown	May 14, 1807	
	W. Hamil Burroughs	July 1, "	
	John Smith	Oct. 25, "	
	Harman du Lenon ...	Jan. 25, 1808	
	Edward Sprawle ...	Jan. 26, "	
	Radger Franklyn ...	Jan. 28, "	
	Joseph Gilliam James	Feb. 11, "	
	Joseph Webb	Apr. 7, "	
	Barnaby McEgan ...	Aug. 11, "	
	Alexander Mulligan	Sep. 22, "	
	Alexander Caddy ...	Sep. 29, "	
Paymaster...	George Edmunds ...	Oct. 6, "	Lieut., Oct. 31, 1803. Lieut., Jan. 22, 1801.
	William Tedlie	Nov. 25, "	
Adjutant	James Stewart	Jan. 12, 1809	
	Philip Vyvyan	Apr. 13, 1807	
Qr.-Master	James M'Mahon	Dec. 5, 1800	
	J. H. Holland	Nov. 6, 1804	
Surgeon ...	William Henry	July 9, 1803	
	William Gordon	Dec. 19, 1805	
Asst.-Surg.	George Rowe	June 18, 1807	
	Francis Maguire	Oct. 6, 1808	
	Francis Baxter	Feb. 6, 1805	
	Edward Tedlie	Dec. 18, 1806	
	William Cringan ...	Mar. 31, 1808	
	D. P. Noble	Sep. 1, "	

Agents—MESSRS. GREENWOOD, COX, & Co.

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.
1819.

125

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Sir Cornelius Cuyler	June 20, 1794	Gen., Sep. 25, 1803.
Lieut.-Col.	George Muttlebury .	July 3, 1817	March 17, 1814.
	J. Ashley Sturt	Dec. 11, "	Jan. 1, 1812.
Major	Henry de la Douespe	June 10, 1812	
	Charles S. Barrow ...	June 11, "	
Captain ...	Henry Lindsay	July 9, 1803	Major, June 4, 1814.
	John Leslie	Nov. 30, 1809	
	Matthew Sunning ...	Apr. 11, 1811	
	George Lane	Dec. 12, "	
	Charles Lowrie	June 11, 1812	
	Isaac Downing	Dec. 9, 1813	
	Matthew Jenour ...	Jan. 30, 1814	
	C. Earle Freeman ...	Aug. 12, 1815	
	Jno. Salisbury Jones	Feb. 25, 1817	Jan. 21, 1814.
	Fred Grove	Aug. 18, "	Oct. 16, 1815.
Lieutenant	William Tedlie	Sep. 4, "	
	John Smith	Nov. 9, 1809	
	L. Webb	Nov. 22, "	
	A. Wardlock	Jan. 31, 1810	
	Roger Franklin	Apr. 18, "	
	Stephen Parker	Apr. 11, 1811	
	Brooke Pigot	May 9, "	
	William Grenville ...	Dec. 12, "	
	William Moorhead...	Mar. 4, 1812	
	W. H. Sherlock	June 10, "	
	George Harper	June 11, "	
	G. B. Robe	June 26, "	Adjutant.
	Lake Glover Finn ...	July 2, "	
	Christopher Busteed	Jan. 25, 1813	Jan. 15, 1813.
	Neil Roy	July 1, "	
	Lodge Morris Prior .	Dec. 9, "	
	C. Lennox Dixon ...	Apr. 21, "	
	H. J. Dugg Courtayne	May 22, "	
	Peter Taylor	Sep. 8, "	
	Henry Anderson ...	June 15, 1815	
Ensign ...	Jno. Charles Punder	Sep. 11, 1817	
	John Higginbotham	Nov. 1, "	
	Francis Dickson.....	Mar. 12, 1818	
	Jas. Alderson Bailly	Nov. 5, "	
	Lewis Kelly	Jan. 3, 1815	
	G. L. Boulbee	Feb. 2, "	
	Alfred Jenour	June 15, "	
	Alex. Sinclair Reoch	June 22, "	
	Henry Moore	July 6, "	
	John Penn	May 24, 1817	
	Hon. Ferd. Curzon .	Sep. 18, "	Aug. 16, 1813.
	J. Eyre Muttlebury	Feb. 19, 1819	

1819 (continued).

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Paymaster...	Edward Mundell ..	Jan. 28, 1813	April 24, 1809.
Adjutant ...	G. B. Rose	Dec. 25, 1810	Lieut., June 26, 1812.
Qr.-Master .	Matthew Stephens .	Dec. 6, "	
Surgeon	Alexander M ^c Kechnie	July 30, 1812	
Asst.-Surg. }	James Gibson	Apr. 28, 1814	
	John W. Browne ...	Sep. 14, 1818	Nov. 25, 1812.

1829.

Colonel	Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.	Mar. 15, 1823	Lt.-Gen., June 4, 1814 [*]
Lieut.-Col. .	Sir Chas. Cuyler, Bart.	Oct. 3, 1826	
Major	Henry Gillman	Mar. 20, 1828	Nov. 14, 1827.
	Lord Edward Hay...	Nov. 21, "	Sep. 19, 1826.
	John Salisbury Jones	Feb. 25, 1817	Jan. 21, 1814.
	William Tedlie	Sep. 4, "	
Captain ...	William Greenville .	Jan. 1, 1819	
	Eaton Monins	Apr. 8, 1826	June 23, 1825.
	Brooke Pigot	Aug. 29, "	
	Robert Brookes	Aug. 30, "	Aug. 27, 1825.
	Walter Ogilvey	May 24, 1827	April 8, 1826.
	Hy. Wm. Blanchford	Nov. 24, 1828	
	J. Wright Jaemcey .	Jan. 15, 1829	June 5, 1827.
	W. H. Sherlock	Jan. 10, 1812	
	George B. Rose	Jan. 26, "	
	Luke Glover Finn ...	July 2, "	
	Joseph Hill	Feb. 2, 1814	
	Peter Taylor	Sep. 8, "	
Lieutenant }	Hy. Bridger Tudor .	Dec. 19, 1822	Oct. 19, 1820.
	John Thomas Evans	Sep. 7, 1826	Dec. 1, 1825.
	Samuel Ives Sutton	Mar. 20, 1827	Nov. 16, 1826.
	H. Dunn O'Halloran	Jan. 28, "	
	Edward Bolten	Feb. 26, 1828	Oct. 1, 1828.
	John Russell Vernon	May 8, "	Aug. 7, 1827.
	H. W. E. Warburton	May 22, "	March 25, 1828.
	Wm. Thomas Smyth	Nov. 25, "	
	A. Collins Anderson	Jan. 12, 1823	
	Edward Sims James	July 6, 1826	
Ensign ...	H. Crawford Hallifax	Aug. 29, "	
	William Blackburne	Apr. 27, 1827	
	G. J. Barnard Hankey	June 14, "	
	Richd. Hy. Kinchant	June 28, "	
	Catesby Paget	Nov. 8, "	
	E. Stephen Thomas .	Nov. 28, 1828	
Paymaster...	Edward Mundell ...	Jan. 28, 1813	April 24, 1809.
Adjutant ...	Edward Bolton	Jan. 8, 1829	Lieut., Oct. 1, 1826.
Qr.-Master ...			
Surgeon	Charles Whyte	Nov. 15, 1826	Aug. 24, 1826.
Asst.-Surg. .	John Coghlan	Sep. 19, 1822	

1839.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	John Vincent	Jan. 2, 1836	Lt.-Gen., May 27, 1825
Lieut.-Col. .	Eaton Monins	Oct. 2, 1835	
Major	Robert Brooks	May 3, 1831	Major, Jan. 10, 1837.
	William Noel Hill ...	Dec. 4, 1835	
Captain ...	Broke Pigot	Aug. 29, 1826	
	R. Wheeler Hooper .	Jan. 21, 1831	
	William Blackburne	Feb. 6, 1835	
	E. Stephen Thomas .	May 1, ,,	
	George B. Rose	Sep. 25, ,,	June 26, 1835.
	Edmund Garland ...	Oct. 9, ,,	June 25, 1829.
	William Considine...	Nov. 22, 1836	
	Charles James Coote	Apr. 14, 1837	Major, Jan. 28, 1838.
	Lawrence Greene ...	May 4, 1838	
	H. D. O'Halloran ...	Sept. 1, ,,	Oct. 19, 1820.
Lieutenant	H. Bridger Tudor ...	Dec. 19, 1822	
	Charles Dutton	Feb. 22, 1833	Oct. 15, 1812.
	W. John Mundell ...	Mar. 27, ,,	Lieutenant
	G. Danvers Jenkins .	July 18, 1834	
	Sir S. Osborne Gibbs	Feb. 6, 1835	Lieutenant
	William Walker	May 1, ,,	
	Eden Hemphill	July 24, ,,	Lieutenant
	George Losack	Oct. 9, ,,	
	W. J. B. M'L. Moore	Jan. 4, 1836	Lieutenant
	Duval Knox O'Reilly	Oct. 7, ,,	
Ensign ...	James Campbell	Apr. 14, 1837	Ensign
	H. W. Knox Gore ...	May 12, ,,	
	Alexander Magnay .	Sep. 28, 1838	Ensign
	William Coates	Feb. 6, 1835	
	Frederick Mundell .	July 24, ,,	Ensign
	J. Handasyde Edgar	Oct. 9, ,,	
	C. F. Law	Oct. 7, ,,	Ensign
	Thomas J. Kearney .	Jan. 27, 1837	
	Campbell Sawers ...	Apr. 14, ,,	Ensign
	C. A. J. G. Annesley	Jan. 19, 1838	
Paymaster...	Percival Fenwick ...	Sep. 28, ,,	Ensign, Jan. 27, 1837.
Adjutant ...	Thomas J. Kearney .	Mar. 30, 1838	
Qr.-Master .	James Hollis	Nov. 3, 1837	Ensign
Surgeon	Francis O'Brien	Jan. 11, 1839	
Aast.-Surg. }	Eden Robertson, M.D.	Sep. 1, 1837	Aug. 11, 1837.
	J. Napper Irwin	Dec. 8, ,,	Oct. 7, 1836.

1849.

Colonel	Sir R. Darling, G.C.H.	Feb. 5, 1848	Gen., Nov. 28, 1841.
Lieut.-Col. }	William Blackburne	Sep. 3, 1847	
	Charles James Coote	Nov. 11, 1848	

1849 (continued).

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Major	Sir E. S. Thomas ...	May 19, 1846	
	J. W. L. Paxton.....	Nov. 10, 1848	
	H. D. O'Halloran ...	Sep. 1, 1838	
	H. Bridges Tudor ...	Apr. 27, 1840	
	William Walker.....	Nov. 1, "	
Captain ...	D. Elliot Mackirdy .	May 20, 1842	June 26, 1841.
	A. Lowery Cole	June 24, "	Sep. 7, "
	Cecil E. Bewes	May 4, 1844	Oct. 27, 1843.
	W. J. B. M'L. Moore	Sep. 18, 1846	
	C. Frederick Law ...	Oct. 9, "	
	J. Handasyde Edgar	Jan. 29, 1847	
	Percival Fenwick ...	May 14, "	
	G. Floyd Duckett ...	Aug. 1, 1848	July 5, 1839.
	C. J. Carmichael.....	Nov. 10, "	
	C. William Parker...	May 23, 1845	
	A. Barnard Hankey	June 20, "	
	Edw. Bowen	Sep. 2, "	
	F. W. Bennett	May 19, 1846	
	F. G. W. Fearon.....	Sep. 18, "	May 24, 1845.
	Gordon H. Evans ...	" "	
Lieutenant	Denis Dunn.....	" "	
	C. Eyre Butler	Sep. 24, "	
	George Bagot	Sep. 25, "	
	Thomas Harvey	May 14, 1847	
	Rodney Payne O'Shea	Sep. 3, "	Apr. 20, 1844.
	W. Sheperd Milner .	" "	
	Wm. George Daniel .	Dec. 24, "	
	F. Gamble Blood ...	Apr. 14, 1848	
	James Smyth	Sep. 12, "	
	Richard Fitzgerald .	Nov. 10, "	
	Charles Gilbourne ...	Sep. 17, 1846	
	A. Edgar M'Gregor .	Apr. 2, 1847	
	William Tracey	Jan. 11, "	
	J. Lindsay Maclean	July 13, "	
	Hy. Chas. Strickland	Sep. 3, "	
Ensign ...	H. Beauchamp Brady	Dec. 24, "	
	G. Frederick Gildea	Apr. 14, 1848	
	Herbert C. Gray.....	Sep. 11, "	2nd Lt., Nov. 20, 1846.
	Edward Marcon	Sep. 13, 1848	
	W. L. B. Straton ...	Nov. 10, "	
Paymaster...	Fred. H. Dalgety ...	Mar. 1, 1839	Lieut., Mar. 23, 1826.
Adjutant .	Dennis Dunn	Apr. 30, 1847	Lieut., Sep. 18, 1846.
	Edward Bowen	Sep. 3, "	Lieut., Sep. 2, 1845.
Qr.-Master	James Hollis	Nov. 3, 1837	
	Robert Smyth.....	Sep. 3, 1847	
Surgeon ...	J. B. Thomson, M.D.	" "	
	H. J. Schooles, M.D.	Nov. 19, "	Oct. 1, 1847.
Asst.-Surg.	A. Sturt Willcocks .	Sep. 3, "	
	W. W. Mavell, M.D.	Dec. 22, 1848	

1859.

Rank.	Name.	Rank in the—	
		Regiment.	Army.
Colonel	Ernest F. Gascoigne	Apr. 3, 1858	M.-Gen., June 20, 1854
Lieut.-Col.	D. Elliot Mackirdy .	Aug. 25, 1853	Colonel, Nov. 20, "
	Edward Hickey.....	Nov. 17, 1857	Nov. 9, 1856. "
Major	Percival Fenwick ...	June 19, "	
	James H. Edgar.....	Nov. 17, "	
	G. Hughes Messiter	May 19, 1849	Major, Oct. 26, 1858.
	A. Barnard Hankey	May 29, "	
	Edward Bowen	June 29, "	
Captain	George Bagot	June 8, 1852	
	F. Gamble Blood ...	Aug. 25, 1853	
	James Smyth	June 6, 1854	
	H. Beauchamp Brady	Aug. 3, 1855	
	T. Henry Charleton	Jan. 25, 1856	
	C. Newton Biggs ...	July 29, "	Oct. 2, 1855.
	R. Aufrère Leggett...	June 30, 1857	
	Richard Fitzgerald...	Nov. 17, "	
	R. Torrens Pratt ...	Nov. 12, 1858	Aug. 24, 1858.
	C. West Hill	June 6, 1854	
	R. C. Hutchinson ...	Aug. 11, "	
	J. W. A. Anderson .	July 6, 1855	
	H. Scott Turner.....	Aug. 3, "	
	Romaine F. Stirke...	Aug. 16, "	
	Edward Boyle.....	Jan. 25, 1856	
Lieutenant	C. R. Williams	Feb. 8, "	Sep. 25, 1855.
	James John Osmer...	June 24, "	
	E. Marwood Vincent	July 22, "	
	Robt. Boucher Clark	July 14, 1857	
	John Whiteford	Nov. 17, "	
	Richard Alex. Skues	Apr. 30, 1858	May 14, 1857.
	H. Harrison Bartlett	Sep. 17, "	
	R. B. C. Daubeney ...	Oct. 1, "	
	H. C. W. George ...	Feb. 29, 1856	
	Peter Shuttleworth .	May 9, "	
Ensign ...	Pearson T. Beames .	June 24, "	
	Edward Williams ...	July 8, "	
	F. Hotham Dyke ...	June 30, 1857	
	Geo. Eden Brace.....	July 14, "	
	T. H. C. Boevey	Nov. 6, "	May 22, 1857.
	R. Lestock Thorpe .	Nov. 17, "	
	William F. Butler ...	Sep. 17, 1858	
Paymaster...	Lambert J. R. Disney	Oct. 29, "	Oct. 26, 1858.
	Robert Smyth.....	Nov. 10, 1854	Qr.-Mr., Sep. 3, 1847.
Instruct. of			
Musketry }			
Adjutant ...			
Qr.-Master .	William Bustard ...	Dec. 15, 1854	
Surgeon ...	H. G. Gordon, M.D.	Oct. 21, 1853	Apr. 22, 1853.
	Jas R. Crawford.....	Apr. 2, 1855	
Asst.-Surg.	J. H. Whittaker.....	Nov. 6, 1857	Oct. 3, 1857.
	Francis Madden.....	July 13, 1858	Oct. 19, "

